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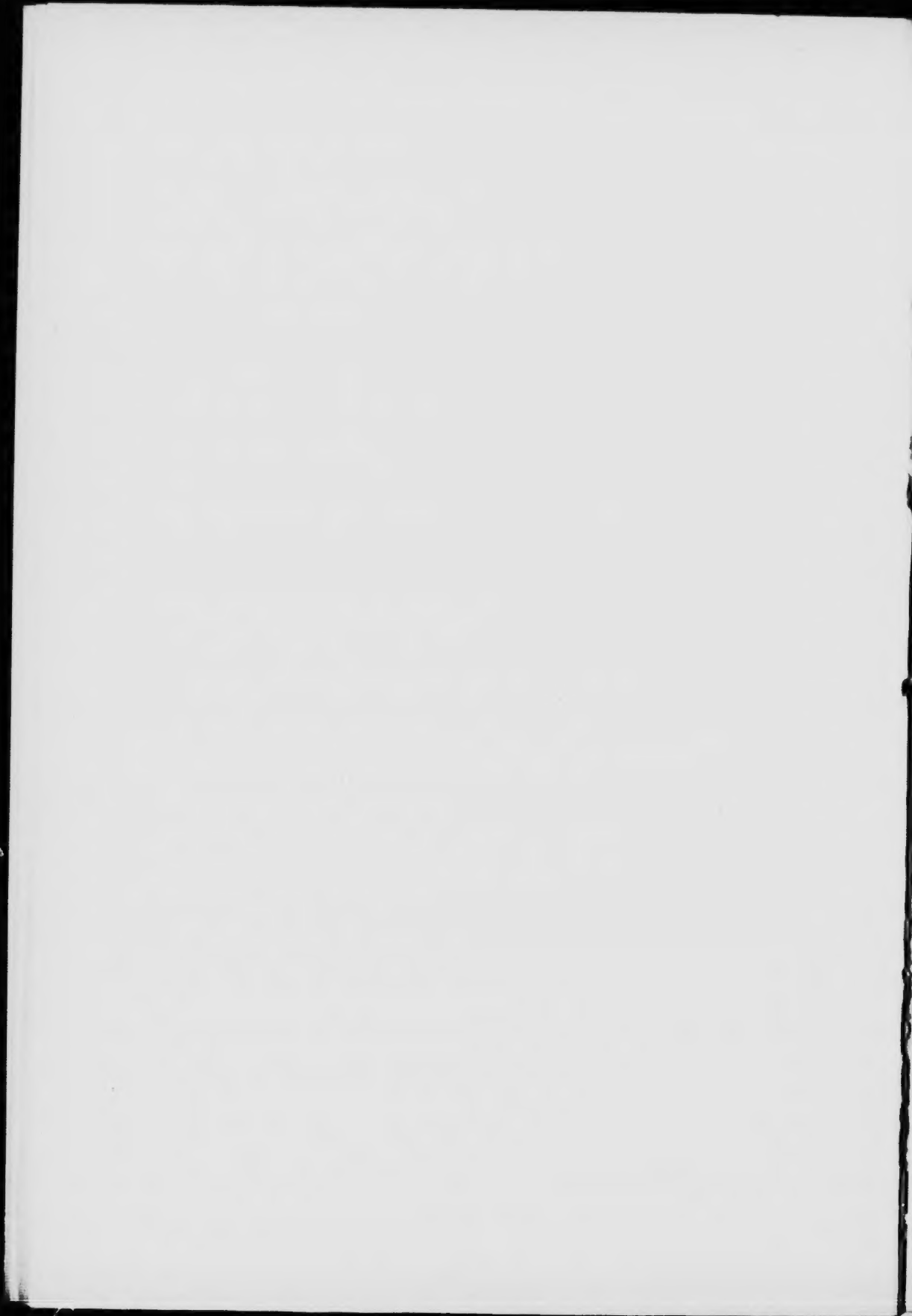
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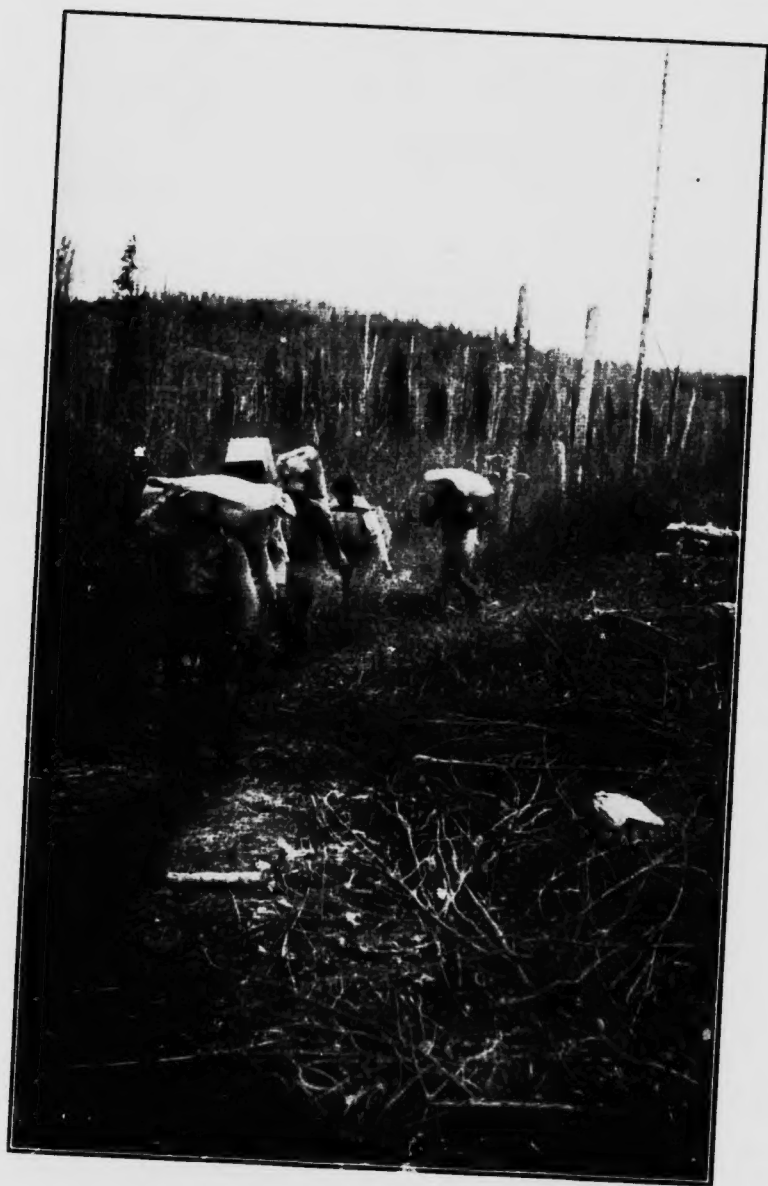
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## Rhymes of a Rolling Stone



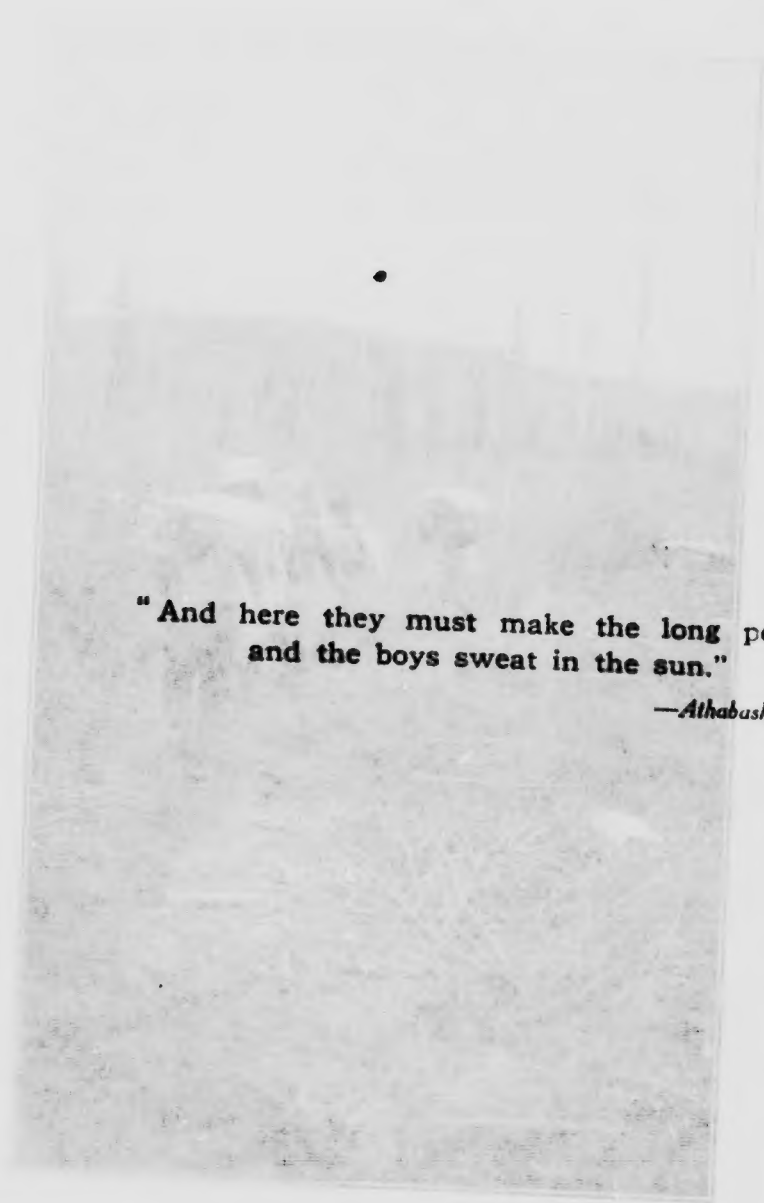




# Rhymes of a Rolling Stone

"And here they must make the long portage,  
and the boys sweat in the sun."  
—Alfreda Jack.





"And here they must make the long portage,  
and the boys sweat in the sun."

—*Athabaska Dick.*

# Rhymes of a Rolling Stone

BY

ROBERT W. SERVICE

Author of

"Songs of a Sourdough," "Ballads of a Cheechako,"  
"The Trail of '98"

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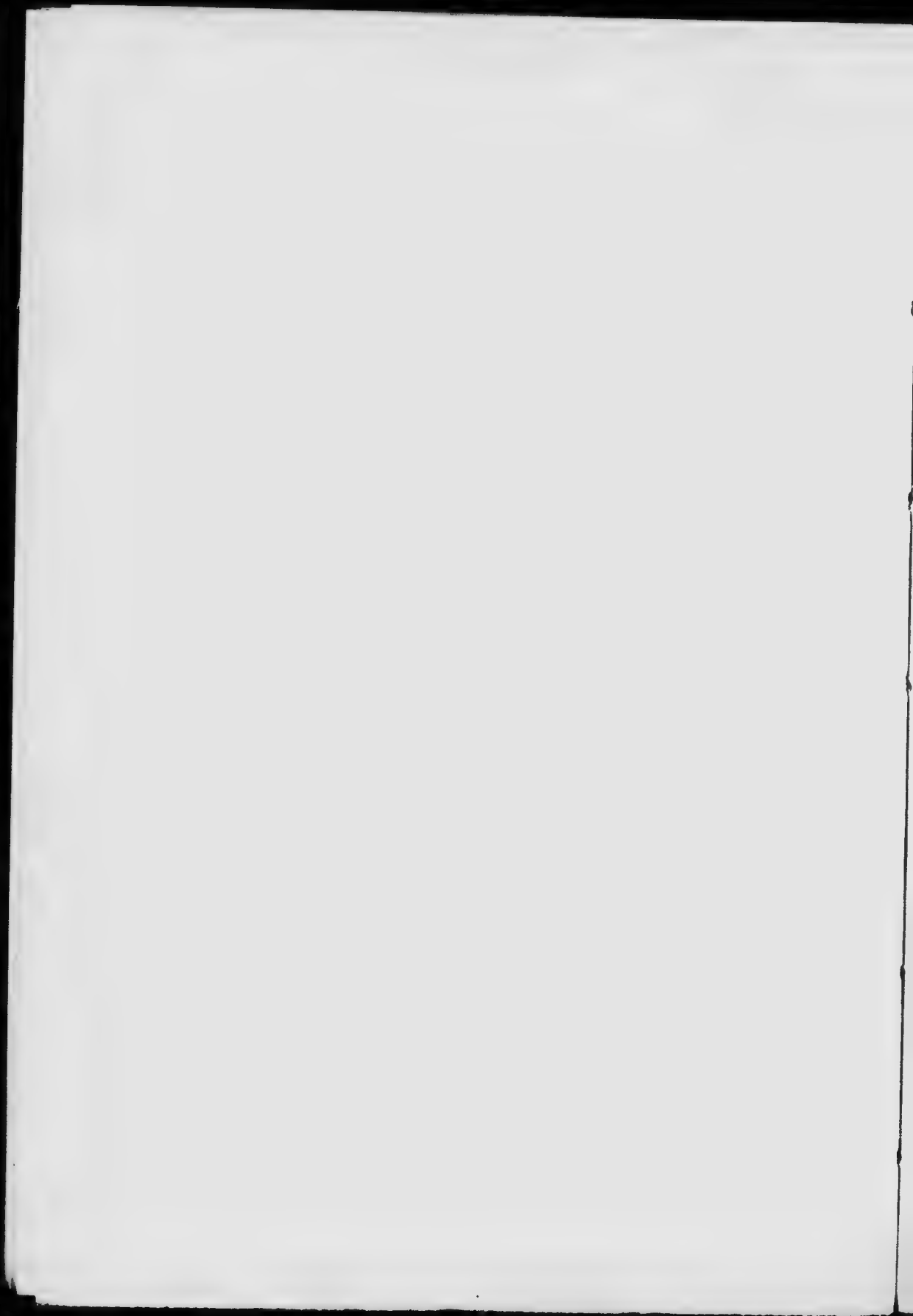
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WILLIAM BRIGGS  
1912

ST. J. W.

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I have no doubt at all the Devil grins  
As seas of ink I spatter;  
Ye gods, forgive my "literary" sins—  
The other kind don't matter.



## Prelude

*I sing no idle songs of dalliance days,  
No dreams Elysian inspire my rhyming;  
I have no Celia to enchant my lays,  
No pipes of Pan have set my heart to chiming.  
I am no wordsmith dripping gems divine  
Into the golden chalice of a sonnet;  
If love songs witch you, close this book of mine,  
Waste no time on it.*

*Yet bring I to my work an eager joy,  
A lusty love of life and all things human;  
Still in me leaps the wonder of the boy,  
A pride in man, a deathless faith in woman. .  
Still red blood calls, still rings the valiant fray:  
Adventure beacons through the summer  
gloaming:  
Oh, long and long and long will be the day  
Ere I come homing!*

*This earth is ours to lore: lute, brush and pen,  
They are but tongues to tell of life sincerely;  
The thaumaturgic Day, the might of men,  
O God of Scribes, grant us to grave them  
clearly!*

*Grant heart that homes in heart, then all is well.  
Honey is honey-sweet, howe'er the hiring.  
Each to his work, his wage at evening bell  
The strength of striving.*

# Contents

	PAGE
PRELUDE - - - - -	9
I sing no idle songs of dalliance days.	
A ROLLING STONE - - - - -	17
There's sunshine in the heart of me.	
THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE - - - - -	21
"Deny your God!" they ringed me with their spears.	
THE GRAMOPHONE AT FOND-DU-LAC - - - - -	26
Now Eddie Malone got a swell grammyfone, to draw all the trade to his store.	
THE LAND OF BEYOND - - - - -	30
Have ever you heard of the Land of Beyond.	
SUNSHINE - - - - -	32
Flat as a drum-head stretch the haggard snows.	
THE IDEALIST - - - - -	43
Oh, you who have daring deeds to tell.	
ATHABASKA DICK - - - - -	45
When the boys come out from Lac Labiche in the lure of the early Spring.	



CHEER - - - - -	PAGE 50
It's a mighty good world, so it is, dear lass.	
THE RETURN - - - - -	52
They turned him loose; he bowed his head.	
THE JUNIOR GOD - - - - -	54
The Junior God looked from his place.	
THE NOSTOMANLAC - - - - -	56
On the ragged edge of the world I'll roam.	
AMBITION - - - - -	62
They brought the mighty chief to town.	
TO SUNNYDALE - - - - -	63
There lies the trail to Sunnydale.	
THE BLIND AND THE DEAD - - - - -	65
She lay like a saint on her copper couch.	
THE ATAVIST - - - - -	67
What are you doing here, Tom Thorne, on the white top-knot of the world.	
THE SCEPTIC - - - - -	71
My Father Christmas passed away.	

# Contents

11

PAGE

THE ROVER - - - - - 72

Oh, how good it is to be.

BARB-WIRE BILL - - - - - 75

At dawn of day the white land lay all gruesome-  
like and grim.

"?" - - - - - 82

If you had the choice of two women to wed.

JUST THINK! - - - - - 83

Just think! some night the stars will gleam.

THE LUNGER - - - - - 84

Jack would laugh an' joke all day.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE LAKE - - 88

I know a mountain thrilling to the stars.

THE HEADLINER AND THE BREAD-  
LINER - - - - - 90

Moko, the Educated Ape, is here.

DEATH IN THE ARCTIC - - - - - 91

I took the clock down from the shelf.

DREAMS ARE BEST - - - - - 100

I just think that dreams are best.

	PAGE
THE QUITTER. . . . .	102
When you're lost in the Wild, and you're scared as a child.	
THE COW-JUICE CURE . . . . .	104
The clover was in blossom, an' the year was at the June.	
WHILE THE BANNOCK BAKES . . . . .	109
Light up your pipe again, old chum, and sit awhile with me.	
THE LOST MASTER . . . . .	118
"And when I come to die," he said.	
LITTLE MOCCASINS . . . . .	120
Come out, O Little Moccasins, and frolic on the snow!	
THE WANDERLUST . . . . .	123
The Wanderlust has lured me to the seven lonely seas.	
THE TRAPPER'S CHRISTMAS EVE. . . . .	128
It's mighty lonesomelike and drear.	
THE WORLD'S ALL RIGHT . . . . .	131
Be honest, kindly, simple, true.	

# Contents

13

PAGE

THE BALDNESS OF CHEWED-EAR - - 131

When Chewed-ear Jenkins got hitched up to  
Guinneyveer McGee.

THE MOTHER - - - - - 141

There will be a singing in your heart.

THE DREAMER - - - - - 143

The lone man gazed and gazed upon his gold.

AT THIRTY-FIVE - - - - - 148

Three score and ten, the Psalmist saith.

THE SQUAW-MAN - - - - - 150

The cow-moose comes to water, and the beaver's  
overbold.

HOME AND LOVE - - - - - 155

Just Home and Love! the words are small.

I'M SCARED OF IT ALL - - - - - 157

I'm scared of it all, God's truth! so I am.

A SONG OF SUCCESS - - - - - 161

Ho! we were strong, we were swift, we were  
brave.

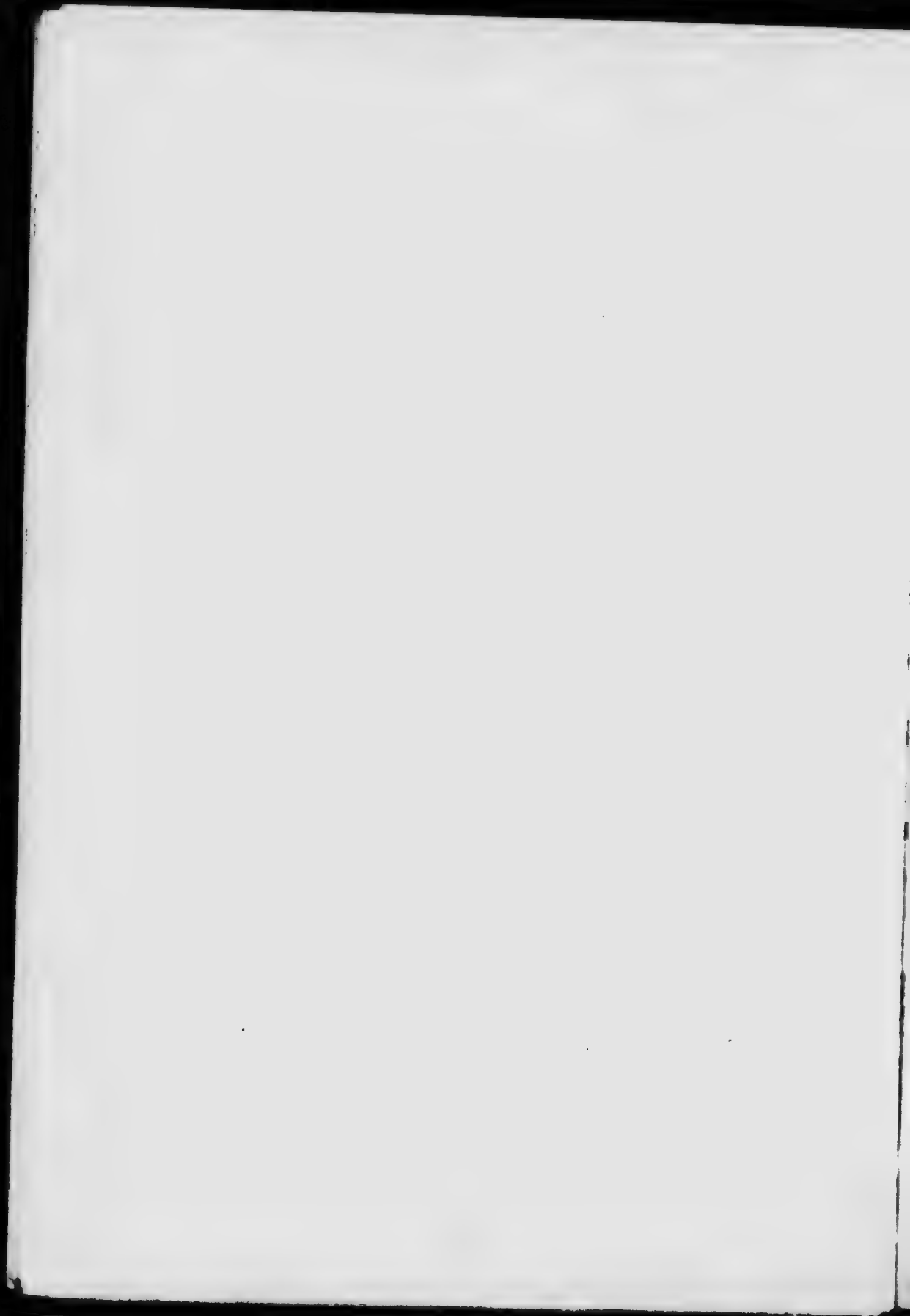
THE SONG OF THE CAMP-FIRE - - - 163

Heed me, feed me, I am hungry, I am red-  
tongued with desire.

	PAGE
HER LETTER - - - - -	170
"I'm taking pen in hand this night, and hard it is for me."	
THE MAN WHO KNEW - - - - -	173
The Dreamer visioned Life as it might be.	
THE LOGGER - - - - -	175
In the moonless, misty night, with my little pipe alight.	
THE PASSING OF THE YEAR - - -	179
My glass is filled, my pipe is lit.	
THE GHOSTS - - - - -	182
Smith, great writer of stories, drank; found it immortalized his pen.	
GOOD-BYE, LITTLE CABIN - - -	190
O dear little cabin, I've loved you so long.	
HEART O' THE NORTH - - - - -	193
And when I come to the dim trail-end.	
THE SCRIBE'S PRAYER.. - - - -	194
When from my fumbling hand the tired pen falls.	

# List of Illustrations

	PAGE
"AND HERE THEY MUST MAKE THE LONG PORTAGE, AND THE BOYS SWEAT IN THE SUN" <i>Frontispiece</i>	
"DWELT WITH THE HUSKIES BY THE POLAR SEA"	34
"AND FROM THAT HELL OF FRENZIED FOAM"	48
"AND I'M DARING A RAMPAGEOUS RIVER THAT RUNS THE DEVIL KNOWS WHERE"	56
"MILLIONING HORDES OF THE PINE"	58
"THE LIMPID LAKE OF THE BEAR"	60
"I THINK YOU WOULD HEAR THE BULL-MOOSE CALL"	68
"THE PEAKS UNTROD THAT YEARN TO GOD"	70
"AND AT HER FEET THERE DREAMS A QUIET LAKE"	88
"THE SILENCE SEEMS A SOLID THING, SHOT THROUGH WITH WOLFISH WOE"	112
"BEYOND THE ARCTIC OUTPOSTS I WILL VENTURE ALL ALONE: SOME NEVER-NEVER LAND WILL BE MY GOAL"	126
"THE MEADOWS OF THE MUSK-OX, WHERE THE LAUGHING GRASSES GROW"	150
"ALL RIVER-VEINED AND PATTERNED WITH THE PINE"	152
"MY RIVERS THAT FLASH INTO FOAM"	156
"GOOD-BYE, LITTLE CABIN, TO YOU"	190



## A Rolling Stone

*There's sunshine in the heart of me,  
 My blood sings in the breeze;  
 The mountains are a part of me,  
 I'm fellow to the trees.  
 My golden youth I'm squandering,  
 Sun-libertine am I;  
 A-wandering, a-wandering,  
 Until the day I die.*

I was once, I declare, a Stone Age man,  
 And I roomed in the cool of a cave;  
 I have known, I will swear, in a new life-span,  
 The fret and the sweat of a slave:  
 For far over all that folks hold worth,  
 There lives and there leaps in me  
 A love of the lowly things of earth,  
 And a passion to be free.



To pitch my tent with no prosy plan,  
To range and to change at will;  
To mock at the mastership of man,  
To seek Adventure's thrill.  
Carefree to be, as a bird that sings,  
To go my own sweet way;  
To reck not at all what may befall,  
But to live and to love each day.

To make my body a temple pure  
Wherein I dwell serene;  
To care for the things that shall endure,  
The simple, sweet and clean.  
To oust out envy and hate and rage,  
To breathe with no alarm;  
For Nature shall be my anchorage,  
And none shall do me harm.

To shun all lures that debauch the soul,  
The orgied rites of the rich;  
To eat my crust as a rover must  
With the rough-neck down in the ditch.  
To trudge by his side whate'er betide;  
To share his fire at night;  
To call him friend to the long trail-end,  
And to read his heart aright.

To scorn all strife, and to view all life  
With the curious eyes of a child;  
From the plangent sea to the prairie,  
From the slum to the heart of the Wild.  
From the red-rimmed star to the speck of sand,  
From the vast to the greatly small;  
For I know that the whole for good is planned,  
And I want to see it all.

To see it all, the wide world-way,  
From the fig-leaf belt to the Pole;  
With never a one to say me nay,  
And none to cramp my soul.  
In belly-pinch I will pay the price,  
But God! let me be free;  
For once I know in the long ago,  
They made a slave of me.

In a flannel shirt from earth's clean dirt,  
Here, pal, is my calloused hand!  
Oh, I love each day as a rover may,  
Nor seek to understand.  
To *enjoy* is good enough for me;  
The gipsy of God am I;

Then here's a hail to each flaring dawn!  
And here's a cheer to the night that's gone!  
And may I go a-roaming on  
Until the day I die!

*Then every star shall sing to me  
Its song of liberty;  
And every morn shall bring to me  
Its mandate to be free.  
In every throbbing vein of me  
I'll feel the vast Earth-call;  
O body, heart and brain of me,  
Praise Him who made it all!*

## The Soldier of Fortune

"DENY your God!" they ringed me with their  
spears;

Blood-crazed were they, and reeking from the  
strife;

Hell-hot their hate, and venom-fanged their  
sneers,

And one man spat on me and nursed a knife.  
And there was I, sore wounded and alone,

I, the last living of my slaughtered band.  
Oh, sinister the sky, and cold as stone!

In one red laugh of horror reeled the land.  
And dazed and desperate I faced their spears,  
And like a flame out-leaped that naked knife,  
And like a serpent stung their bitter jeers:

"Deny your God, and we will give you life."

Deny my God! Oh, life was very sweet!

And it is hard in youth and hope to die;  
And there my comrades dear lay at my feet,  
And in that blear of blood soon must I lie.

And yet . . . I almost laughed—it seemed  
so odd,

For long and long had I not vainly tried  
To reason out and body forth my God,

And prayed for light, and doubted—and  
*denied.*

Denied the Being I could not conceive,

Denied a life-to-be beyond the grave. . . .

And now they ask me, who do not believe,

Just to deny, to voice my doubt, to save  
This life of mine that sings so in the sun,  
My only life!—O fools! 'tis easy done,

The bloom of youth yet red upon my cheek,  
I will deny . . . and yet I do not speak.

“Deny your God!” their spears are all agleam,  
And I can see their eyes with blood-lust shine;  
Their snarling voices shrill into a scream,

And, mad to slay, they quiver for the sign.

Deny my God! yes, I could do it well;

Yet if I did, what of my race, my name?

How they would spit on me, these dogs of hell!

Spurn me, and put on me the brand of shame.

A white man's honour! what of that, I say?

Shall these black curs cry “Coward” in my  
face?

They who would perish for their gods of clay—

Shall I defile my country and my race?

My country! what's my country to me now?

Soldier of Fortune, free and far I roam;

All men are brothers in my heart, I vow;

The wide and wondrous world is all my home.

My country! reverent of her splendid Dead,

Her heroes proud, her martyrs pierced with  
pain:

For me her puissant blood was vainly shed;

For me her drums of battle beat in vain,

And free I fare, half-heedless of her fate:

No faith, no flag, I owe—then why not seek

This last loop-hole of life? Why hesitate?

I will deny . . . and yet I do not speak.

“Deny your God!” their spears are poised on  
high,

And tense and terrible they wait the word;

And dark and darker glooms the dreary sky,

And in that hush of horror no thing stirred.

Then, through the ringing terror and sheer hate

Leaped there a vision to me—Oh, how far!

A face, Her face . . . through all my stormy  
fate

A joy, a strength, a glory and a star.

Beneath the pines, where lonely camp-fires  
gleam,

In seas forlorn, amid the deserts drear,  
How I had gladdened to that face of dream!

And never, never had it seemed so dear.  
O silken hair that veils the sunny brow!  
O eyes of grey, so tender and so true!  
O lips of smiling sweetness! must I now  
Forever and forever go from you?

Ah, yes, I must . . . for if I do this thing,  
How can I look into your face again?

Knowing you think me more than half a king,  
I with my craven heart, my honour slain.

No! no! my mind's made up. I gaze above,  
Into that sky insensate as a stone;

Not for my creed, my country, but my Love  
Will I stand up and meet my death alone.

Then, though it be to utter dark I sink,

The God that dwells in me is not denied;  
"Best" triumphs over "Beast"—and so I think  
Humanity itself is glorified. . . .

"And now, my butchers, I embrace my fate.

Come! let my heart's blood slake the thirsty  
sod.

Curst be the life you offer! Glut your hate!

Strike! Strike, you dogs! I'll *not* deny my  
God."

I saw the spears that seemed a-leap to slay,  
All quiver earthward at the headman's nod;  
And in a daze of dream I heard him say:  
"Go, set him free who serves so well his God!"



## The Gramophone at Fond-du-Lac

Now Eddie Malone got a swell grammyfone, to  
draw all the trade to his store;  
An' sez he: "Come along for a season of song,  
which the like ye had niver before."  
Then Dogrib an' Slave, an' Yellow-knife brave,  
an' Cree in his dinky canoe,  
Confluanted near, to see an' to hear Ed's grammy-  
fone make its dayboo.

Then Ed turned the crank, an' there on the bank  
they squatted like bumps on a log.  
For acres around there wasn't a sound, not even  
the howl of a dog.  
When out of the horn there sudden was born  
such a marvellous elegant tone;  
An' then like a spell on that auddyence fell the  
voice of its first grammyfone.

The Gramophone at Fond-du-Lac 27

"*Bad medicine!*" cried Old Tom, the One-eyed,  
an' made for to jump in the lake;  
But no one gave heed to his little stampede, so  
he guessed he had made a mistake.  
Then Roll-in-the-Mud, a chief of the blood,  
observed in choice Chippewayan:  
"You've brought us canned beef, an' it's now  
my belief, that this here's a case of  
'*canned man.*'"

Well, though I'm not strong on the Dago in  
song, that sure got me goin' for fair.  
There was Crusoe an' Scotty an' Ma'am Shoe-  
man Hank, an' Melber an' Bonchy was  
there.  
'Twas silver an' gold, an' sweetness untold, to  
hear all them big guinneys sing;  
An' thick all around an' inhalin' the sound, them  
Indians formed in a ring.

So solemn they sat, an' they smoked an' they  
spat, but their eyes sort o' glistened an'  
shone;  
Yet niver a word of approvin' occurred till that  
guy Harry Lauder came on.

## 28 The Gramophone at Fond-du-Lac

Then hunter of moose an' squaw an' papoose  
jest laughed till their stummicks was  
sore;

Six times Eddie set back that record an' yet  
they hollered an' hollered for more.

U never forget that frame-up, you bet; them  
caverns of sunset agleam;

Them still peaks aglow, them shadders below,  
an' the lake like a petrified dream;

The teepees that stood by the edge of the wood;  
the evenin' star blinkin' alone;

The peace an' the rest, an' final an' best, the  
music of Ed's grammyfone.

Then sudden an' clear there rang on my ear a  
song mighty simple an' old;

Heart-hungry an' high it thrilled to the sky, all  
about "silver threads in the gold."

'Twas tender to tears, an' it brung back the  
years, the mem'ries that hallow an' yearn;

'Twas home-love an' joy, 'twas the thought of  
my boy . . . an' right there I vowed  
I'd return.

The Gramophone at Fond-du-Lac 29

Big Four-finger Jack was right at my back, an'  
I saw with a kind o' surprise,  
He gazed at the lake with a heartful of ache,  
an' the tears irrigated his eyes.  
An' sez he: "Cuss me, pard! but that there hits  
me hard; I've a mother does nuthin' but  
wait.  
She's turned eighty-three, an' she's only got me,  
an' I'm scared it'll soon be too late."

\* \* \* \* \*

On Fond-du-Lac's shore I'm hearin' once more  
that blessed old grammyfone play.  
The summer's all gone, an' I'm still livin' on in  
the same old haphazardous way.  
Oh, I cut out the booze, an' with muscles an'  
thews I corralled all the coin to go back;  
But it wasn't to be—he'd a mother, you see—  
so I—*slipped it to Four-finger Jack.*

## The Land of Beyond

HAVE ever you heard of the Land of Beyond,  
That dreams at the gates of the day?  
Alluring it lies at the skirts of the skies,  
And ever so far away;  
Alluring it calls: O ye the yoke galls,  
And ye of the trail overfond,  
With saddle and pack, by paddle and track,  
Let's go to the Land of Beyond!

Have ever you stood where the silences brood,  
And vast the horizons begin,  
At the dawn of the day to behold far away  
The goal you would strive for and win?  
Yet, ah! in the night when you gain to the  
height,  
With the vast pool of heaven star-spawned,  
Afar and agleam, like a valley of dream,  
Still mocks you a Land of Beyond.

Thank God! there is always a Land of Beyond  
For us who are true to the trail;  
A vision to seek, a beckoning peak,  
A farness that never will fail;  
A pride in our soul that mocks at a goal,  
A manhood that irks at a bond,  
And try how we will, unattainable still,  
Behold it, our Land of Beyond!

## Sunshine

### I.

FLAT as a drum-head stretch the haggard  
snows;

The mighty skies are palisades of light;  
The stars are blurred; the silence grows and  
grows;

Vaster and vaster vaults the icy night.  
Here in my sleeping-bag I cower and pray:  
"Silence and Night, have pity; stoop and slay."

I have not slept for many, many days.

I close my eyes with weariness—that's all.  
I still have strength to feed the drift-wood blaze  
That flickers weirdly on the icy wall.  
I still have strength to pray: "God rest her  
soul,

Here in the awful shadow of the Pole."

There in the cabin's alcove low she lies,  
Still candles gleaming at her head and feet;  
All snow-drop white, ash-cold, with closed eyes,  
Lips smiling, hands at rest—O God, how  
sweet!

How all unutterably sweet she seems . . .  
Not dead, not dead, indeed—she dreams, she  
dreams.

## II.

"Sunshine," I called her, and she brought,  
I vow,

God's blessed sunshine to this life of mine.  
I was a rover, of the breed who plough  
Life's furrow in a far-flung, lonely line;  
The wilderness my home, my fortune cast  
In a wild land of dearth, barbaric, vast.

When did I see her first? Long had I lain  
Groping my way to life through fevered  
gloom.

Sudden the cloud of darkness left my brain;  
A velvet bar of sunshine pierced the room,  
And in that mellow glory aureoled  
She stood, she stood, all golden in its gold.



Sunshine! O miracle! the earth grew glad;  
Radiant each blade of grass, each living  
thing.  
What a huge strength, high hope, proud will I  
had!  
All the wide world with rapture seemed to  
ring.  
Would she but wed me? Yes: then fared we  
forth  
Into the vast, unvintageable North.

## III.

*In Muskrat Land the conies leap,  
The waries linger in their flight;  
The jewelled, snake-like rivers creep:  
The sun, sad rogue, is out all night;  
The great wood-bison paws the sand,  
In Muskrat Land, in Muskrat Land.*

*In Muskrat Land dim streams divide  
The tundras belted by the sky.  
How sweet in slim canoe to glide,  
And dream, and let the world go by!  
Build gay camp-fires on greening strand!  
In Muskrat Land, in Muskrat Land.*

"Dwelt with the Huskies by the Polar sea." -

—Sunshine.

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## IV.

And so we dreamed and drifted, she and I;  
And how she loved that free, unfathomed  
life!

There, in the peach-bloom of the midnight sky,  
The silence welded us, true man and wife.  
Then North and North invincibly we pressed  
Beyond the Circle, to the world's white crest.

And on the wind-flailed Arctic waste we stayed,  
Dwelt with the Huskies by the Polar sea.  
Fur had they, white fox, marten, mink, to trade,  
And we had food-stuff, bacon, flour and tea.  
So we made snug, chummed up with all the  
band:  
Sudden the Winter swooped on Husky Land.

## V.

What was that ill so sinister and dread,  
Smiting the tribe with sickness to the bone?  
So that we waked one morn to find them fled;  
So that we stood and stared, alone, alone.

Bravely she smiled and looked into my eyes;  
Laughed at their troubled, stern, foreboding  
pain;  
Gaily she mocked the menace of the skies,  
Turned to our cheery cabin once again,  
Saying: " 'Twill soon be over, dearest one,  
The long, long night: then oh, the sun, the sun!"

## VI.

*God made a heart of gold, of gold,  
Shining and sweet and true;  
Gave it a home of fairest mould,  
Blest it, and called it—You.*

*God gave the rose its grace of glow,  
And the lark its radiant glee;  
But, better than all, I know, I know  
God gave you, Heart, to me.*

## VII.

She was all sunshine in those dubious days;  
Our cabin beacons with defiant light;  
We chattered by the friendly drift-wood blaze;  
Closer and closer cowered the hag-like night.

A wolf-howl would have been a welcome sound,  
And there was none in all that stricken land;  
Yet with such silence, darkness, death around,  
Learned we to love as few can understand.  
Spirit with spirit fused, and soul to soul,  
There in the sullen shadow of the Pole.

## VIII.

What was that haunting horror of the night?  
Brave was she; buoyant, full of sunny cheer.  
Why was her face so small, so strangely white?  
Then did I turn from her, heart-sick with  
fear;  
Sought in my agony the outcast snows;  
Prayed in my pain to that insensate sky;  
Grovelled and sobbed and cursed, and then  
arose:  
"Sunshine! O heart of gold! to die! to die!"

## IX.

She died on Christmas Day—it seems so sad  
That one you love should die on Christmas  
Day.  
Head-bowed I knelt by her; O God! I had  
No tears to shed, no moan, no prayer to pray.



I heard her whisper: "Call me, will you, dear?  
They say Death parts, but I won't go away.  
I will be with you in the cabin here;  
Oh, I will plead with God to let me stay!  
Stay till the Night is gone, till Spring is nigh,  
Till sunshine comes . . . be brave . . . I'm tired  
. . . good-bye . . ."

## X.

For weeks, for months I have not seen the sun;  
The minatory dawns are leprous pale;  
The felon days malingering one by one;  
How like a dream Life is! how vain! how  
stale!  
I, too, am faint; that vampire-like disease  
Has fallen on me; weak and cold am I,  
Hugging a tiny fire in fear I freeze:  
The cabin must be cold, and so I try  
To bear the frost, the frost that fights decay,  
The frost that keeps her beautiful away.

## XI.

*She lies within an icy vault;  
It glitters like a cave of salt.*

*All marble-pure and angel-sweet  
With candles at her head and feet,  
Under an ermine robe she lies.  
I kiss her hands, I kiss her eyes:  
"Come back, come back, O Love, I pray,  
Into this house, this house of clay!  
Answer my kisses soft and warm;  
Nestle again within my arm.  
Come! for I know that you are near;  
Open your eyes and look, my dear.  
Just for a moment break the mesh;  
Back from the spirit leap to flesh.  
Weary I wait; the night is black;  
Love of my life, come back, come back!"*

## XII.

Last night maybe I was a little mad,  
For as I prayed despairful by her side,  
Such a strange, antic visioning I had:  
Lo! it did seem *her eyes were open wide*.  
Surely I must have dreamed! I stared once  
more . . .

No, 'twas a candle's trick, a shadow cast.  
There were her lashes locking as before.  
(Oh, but it filled me with a joy so vast!)  
No, 'twas a freak, a fancy of the brain.  
(Oh, but to-night I'll try again, again!)

## XIII.

It was no dream; now do I know that Love  
Leapt from the starry battlements of Death;  
For in my vigil as I bent above,  
Calling her name with eager, burning breath,  
Sudden there came a change; again I saw  
The radiance of the rose-leaf stain her cheek;  
Rivers of rapture thrilled in sunny thaw;  
Cleft were her coral lips as if to speak;  
Curved were her tender arms as if to cling;  
Open the flower-like eyes of lucent blue,  
Looking at me with love so pitying  
That I could fancy Heaven shining through.  
"Sunshine," I faltered, "stay with me, oh,  
stay!"

Yet ere I finished, in a moment's flight,  
There in her angel purity she lay—  
Ah! but I know she'll come again to-night.  
*Even as radiant sword leaps from the sheath,  
Soul from the body leaps—we call it Death.*

## XIV.

Even as this line I write,  
Do I know that she is near;  
Happy am I, every night  
Comes she back to bid me cheer;  
Kissing her, I hold her fast;  
Win her into life at last.

Did I dream that yesterday  
On yon mountain ridge a glow  
Soft as moonstone paled away,  
Leaving less forlorn the snow?  
Could it be the sun? Oh, fain  
Would I see the sun again!

Oh, to see a coral dawn  
Gladden to a crocus glow!  
Day's a spectre dim and wan,  
Dancing on the furtive snow;  
Night's a cloud upon my brain:  
Oh, to see the sun again!

You who find us in this place,  
Have you pity in your breast;  
Let us in our last embrace  
Under earth sun-hallowed rest.  
Night's a claw upon my brain:  
Oh, to see the sun again!

## XV.

The Sun! at last the Sun! I write these lines,  
Here on my knees, with feeble, fumbling  
hand.  
Look! in yon mountain cleft a radiance shines,  
Gleam of a primrose—see it thrill, expand,

Grow glorious. Dear God be praised! it  
streams

Into the cabin in a gush of gold.

Look! there she stands, the angel of my dreams,

All in the radiant shimmer aureoled;

First as I saw her from my bed of pain;

First as I loved her when the darkness  
passed.

Now do I know that Life is not in vain;

Now do I know God cares, at last, at last!

Light outlives dark, joy grief, and Love's the  
sum:

Heart of my heart! Sunshine! I come . . . I  
come . . .

## The Idealist

On, you who have daring deeds to tell!  
And you who have felt Ambition's spell!  
Have you heard of the louse who longed to dwell  
    In the golden hair of a queen?  
He sighed all day and he sighed all night,  
And no one could understand it quite,  
For the head of a slut is a louse's delight,  
    But he pined for the head of a queen.

So he left his kinsfolk in merry play,  
And off by his lonesome he stole away,  
From the home of his youth so bright and gay,  
    And gloriously unclean.  
And at last he came to the palace gate,  
And he made his way in a manner straight  
(For a louse may go where a man must wait)  
    To the tiring-room of the queen.

The queen she spake to her tiring-maid:  
"There's something the matter, I'm afraid.  
To-night ere for sleep my hair ye braid,  
Just see what may be seen."

And lo, when they combed that shining hair,  
They found him alone in his glory there,  
And he cried: "I die, but I do not care,  
For I've lived in the head of a queen!"

## Athabaska Dick

WHEN the boys come out from Lac Labiche in  
the lure of the early Spring,  
To take the pay of the "Hudson's Bay," as  
their fathers did before,  
They are all aglee for the jamboree, and they  
make the Landing ring  
With a whoop and a whirl, and a "Grab your  
girl," and a rip and a skip and a roar.  
For the spree of Spring is a sacred thing, and  
the boys must have their fun;  
Packer and tracker and half-breed Cree, from  
the boat to the bar they leap;  
And then when the long flotilla goes, and the  
last of their pay is done,  
The boys from the banks of Lac Labiche  
swing to the heavy sweep.  
And oh, how they sigh! and their throats are  
dry, and sorry are they and sick:  
Yet there's none so cursed with a lime-kiln  
thirst as that Athabaska Dick.



He was long and slim and lean of limb, but  
strong as a stripling bear;

And by the right of his skill and might he  
guided the Long Brigade.

All water-wise were his laughing eyes, and he  
steered with a careless care,

And he shunned the shock of foam and rock,  
till they came to the Big Cascade.

And here they must make the long *portage*, and  
the boys sweat in the sun;

And they heft and pack, and they haul and  
track, and each must do his trick;

But their thoughts are far in the Landing bar,  
where the founts of nectar run:

And no man thinks of such gorgeous drinks  
as that Athabaska Dick.

'Twas the close of day, and his long boat lay  
just over the Big Cascade,

When there came to him one Jack-pot Jim,  
with a wild light in his eye;

And he softly laughed, and he led Dick aft, all  
eager, yet half afraid,

And snugly stowed in his coat he showed a  
pilfered flask of "rye."

And in haste he slipped, or in fear he tripped,  
but—Dick in warning roared—  
And there rang a yell, and it befell that Jim  
was overboard.

Oh, I heard a splash, and quick as a flash I knew  
he could not swim.

I saw him whirl in the river swirl, and thresh  
his arms about.

In a queer, strained way I heard Dick say:  
“I’m going after him,”

Throw off his coat, leap down the boat—and  
then I gave a shout:

“Boys, grab him, quick! You’re crazy, Dick!  
Far better one than two!

Hell, man! You know you’ve got no show!  
It’s sure and certain death . . . ”

And there we hung, and there we clung, with  
beef and brawn and thew,

And sinews cracked and joints were racked,  
and panting came our breath;

And there we swayed and there we prayed, till  
strength and hope were spent--

Then Dick, he threw us off like rats and after  
Jim he went.

With a mighty urge amid the surge of river-  
rage he leapt,

And gripped his mate and desperate he  
fought to gain the shore;

With teeth agleam he bucked the stream, yet  
swift and sure he swept

To meet the mighty cataract that waited all  
aroad.

And there we stood like carven wood, our faces  
sickly white,

And watched him as he beat the foam, and  
inch by inch he lost;

And nearer, nearer drew the fall, and fiercer  
grew the fight,

Till on the very cascade crest a last farewell  
he tossed.

Then down and down and down they plunged  
into that pit of dread;

And mad we tore along the shore to claim our  
bitter dead.

And from that hell of frenzied foam, that  
crashed and fumed and boiled,

Two little bodies bubbled up, and they were  
heedless then;

**"And from that hell of frenzied foam."**

*—Athabaska Dick.*

... and to the fact that the ...





And oh, they lay like senseless clay! and bitter  
hard we toiled,  
Yet never, never gleam of hope, and we were  
weary men.  
And moments mounted into hours, and black  
was our despair;  
And faint were we, and we were fain to give  
them up as dead,  
When suddenly I thrilled with hope: "Back,  
boys! and give him air;  
I feel the flutter of his heart . . ." And, as  
the word I said,  
Dick gave a sigh, and gazed around, and saw our  
breathless band;  
And saw the sky's blue floor above, all strewn  
with golden fleece;  
And saw his comrade Jack-pot Jim, and  
touched him with his hand;  
And then there came into his eyes a look of  
perfect peace.  
And as there, at his very feet, the thwarted  
river raved,  
I heard him murmur low and deep: "Thank  
God! the *whiskey's* saved."



## Cheer

It's a mighty good world, so it is, dear lass,  
When even the worst is said.  
There's a smile and a tear, a sigh and a cheer,  
But better be living than dead;  
A joy and a pain, a loss and a gain;  
There's honey and maybe some gall:  
Yet still I declare, foul weather or fair,  
It's a mighty good world after all.

For look, lass! at night when I break from the  
fight,  
My Kingdom's awaiting for me;  
There's comfort and rest, and the warmth of  
your breast,  
And little ones climbing my knee.  
There's fire-light and song—Oh, the world may  
be wrong,  
Its empires may topple and fall:  
My home is my care—if gladness be there,  
It's a mighty good world after all.

O heart of pure gold! I have made you a fold,  
It's sheltered, sun-fondled and warm.  
O little ones, rest! I have fashioned a nest;  
Sleep on! you are safe from the storm.  
For there's no foe like fear, and there's no  
friend like cheer,  
And sunshine will flash at our call;  
So crown Love as King, and let us all sing—  
"It's a mighty good world after all."

## The Return

THEY turned him loose; he bowed his head,  
A felon, bent and grey.  
His face was even as the Dead,  
He had no word to say.

He sought the home of his old love,  
To look on her once more;  
And where her roses breathed above,  
He cowered beside the door.

She sat there in the shining room;  
Her hair was silver grey.  
He stared and stared from out the gloom;  
He turned to go away.

Her roses rustled overhead.  
She saw, with sudden start.  
"I knew that you would come," she said,  
And held him to her heart.

Her face was rapt and angel-sweet;  
She touched his hair of grey;

. . . . .

*But he, sob-shaken, at her feet,  
Could only pray and pray.*

## The Junior God

THE Junior God looked from his place  
In the conning-towers of heaven,  
And he saw the world through the span of space  
Like a giant golf-ball driven.  
And because he was bored, as some gods are,  
With high celestial mirth,  
He clutched the reins of a shooting star,  
And he steered it down to earth.

The Junior God, 'mid leaf and bud,  
Passed on with a weary air,  
Till lo! he came to a pool of mud,  
And some hogs were rolling there.  
Then in he plunged with gleeful cries,  
And down he lay supine;  
For they had no mud in paradise,  
And they likewise had no swine.

The Junior God forgot himself;  
    He squelched mud through his toes;  
With the careless joy of a wanton boy  
    His reckless laughter rose.  
Till, tired at last, in a brook close by,  
    He washed off every stain;  
Then softly up to the radiant sky  
    He rose, a god again.

The Junior God now heads the roll  
    In the list of heaven's peers;  
He sits in the House of High Control,  
    And he regulates the spheres.  
Yet does he wonder, do you suppose,  
    If, even in gods divine,  
The best and wisest may not be those  
    Who have wallowed awhile with the swine?

## The Nostomaniac

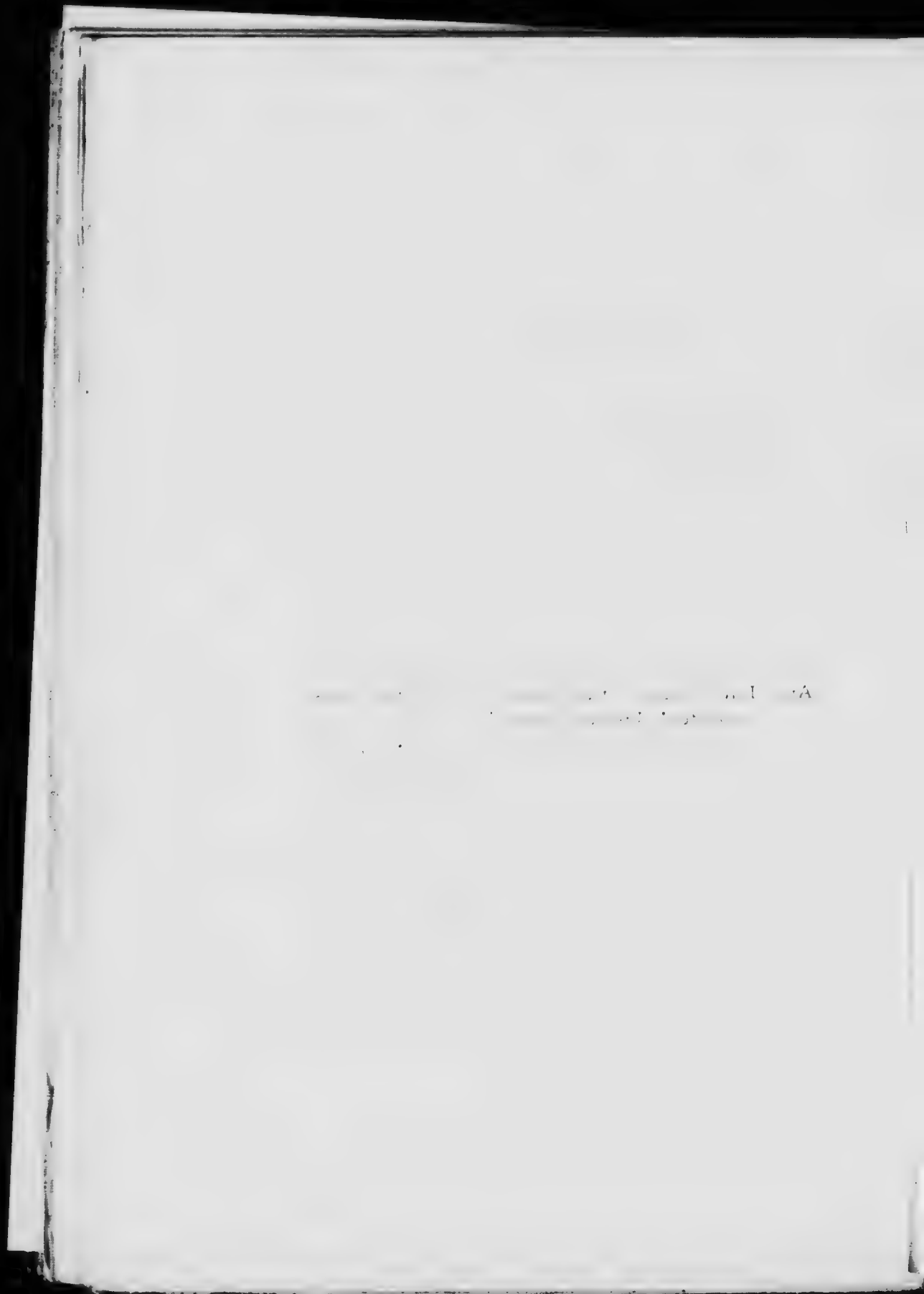
*On the ragged edge of the world I'll roam,  
And the home of the wolf shall be my home,  
And a bunch of bones on the boundless snows  
The end of my trail . . . who knows, who knows!*

I'm dreaming to-night in the fire-glow, alone in  
my study tower,  
My books battalioned around me, my Kipling  
flat on my knee;  
But I'm not in the mood for reading, I haven't  
moved for an hour;  
Body and brain I'm weary, weary the heart  
of me;  
Weary of crushing a longing it's little I under-  
stand,  
For I thought that my trail was ended, I  
thought I had earned my rest;  
But oh, it's stronger than life is, the call of the  
hearthless land!  
And I turn to the North in my trouble, as a  
child to the mother-breast.

"And I'm daring a rampageous river that runs  
the devil knows where."

—*The Nestorian.*









Here in my den it's quiet; the sea-wind taps on  
the pane;

There's comfort and ease and plenty, the  
smile of the South is sweet.

All that a man might long for, fight for and  
seek in vain,

Pictures and books and music, pleasure my  
last retreat.

Peace! I thought I had gained it, I swore that  
my tale was told;

By my hair that is grey I swore it, by my  
eyes that are slow to see;

Yet what does it all avail me? to-night, to-night  
as of old,

Out of the dark I hear it—the Northland  
calling to me.

And I'm daring a rampageous river that runs  
the devil knows where;

My hand is athrill on the paddle, the birch-  
bark bounds like a bird.

Hark to the rumble of rapids! Here in my  
morris chair,

Eager and tense I'm straining—isn't it most  
absurd?

Now in the churn and the lather, foam that  
hisses and stings,

Leap I, keyed for the struggle, fury and fume  
and roar;

Rocks are spitting like hell-cats—Oh, it's a sport  
for kings,

Life on a twist of the paddle . . . there's  
my "Kim" on the floor.

How I thrill and I vision! Then my camp of a  
night;

Red and gold of the fire-glow, net afloat in  
the stream;

Scent of the pines and silence, little "pal" pipe  
alight,

Body a-purr with pleasure, sleep untroubled  
of dream;

Banquet of paystreak bacon! moment of joy  
divine,

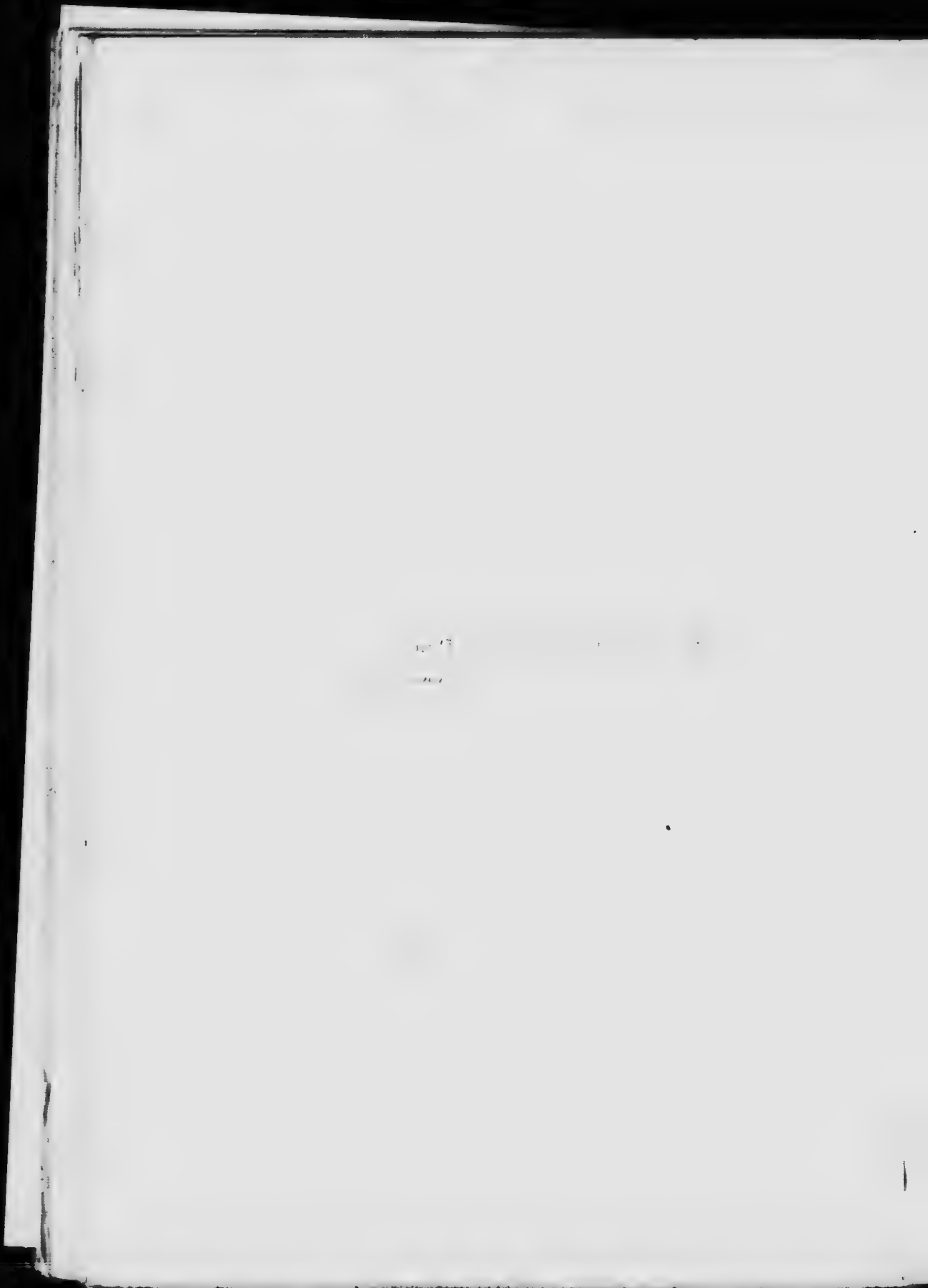
When the bannock is hot and gluey, and the  
teapot's nearing the boil!

Never was wolf so hungry, stomach cleaving to  
spine . . .

Ha! there's my servant calling, says that  
dinner will spoil.

"Millioning hordes of the Pine."

—*The Neelomaniac.*









What do I want with dinner? Can I eat any  
more?

Can I sleep as I used to? . . . Oh, I abhor this  
life!

Give me the Great Uncertain, the Barren Land  
for a floor,

The Milky Way for a roof-beam, splendour  
and space and strife:

Something to fight and die for—the limpid  
Lake of the Bear,

The Empire of Empty Bellies, the dunes  
where the Dogribs dwell;

Big things, real things, live things . . . here in  
my morris chair,

How I ache for the Northland! “Dinner  
and servants”—Hell!

Am I too old, I wonder? Can I take one trip  
more?

Go to the granite-ribbed valleys, flooded with  
sunset wine,

Peaks that pierce the aurora, rivers I must  
explore,

Lakes of a thousand islands, millioning  
hordes of the Pine?

Do they miss me, I wonder, valley and peak and  
plain?

Whispering each to the other: "Many a moon  
has passed . . .

Where has he gone, our lover? Will he come  
back again?

Star with his fires our tundra, leave us his  
bones at last?"

Yes, I'll go back to the Northland, back to the  
way of the bear,

Back to the muskeg and mountain, back to  
the ice-leaguered sea.

Old am I! What does it matter? Nothing I  
would not dare;

Give me a trail to conquer—Oh, it is "meat"  
to me!

I will go back to the Northland, feeble and  
blind and lame;

Sup with the sunny-eyed Husky, eat moose-  
nose with the Cree;

Play with the Yellow-knife bastards, boasting  
my blood and my name:

I will go back to the Northland, for the  
Northland is calling to me.

"The limpid **Lake of the Bear.**"

—*The Nostomanisc.*

and the present and the future





Then give to me paddle and whiplash, and give  
to me tumpline and gun;

Give to me salt and tobacco, flour and a  
gunny of tea;

Take me up over the Circle, under the flam-  
boyant sun;

Turn me foot-loose like a savage—that is the  
finish of me.

I know the trail I am seeking, it's up by the  
Lake of the Bear;

It's down by the Arctic Barrens, it's over to  
Hudson's Bay;

Maybe I'll get there—maybe: death is set by a  
hair . . .

Hark! it's the Northland calling! now must  
I go away . . .

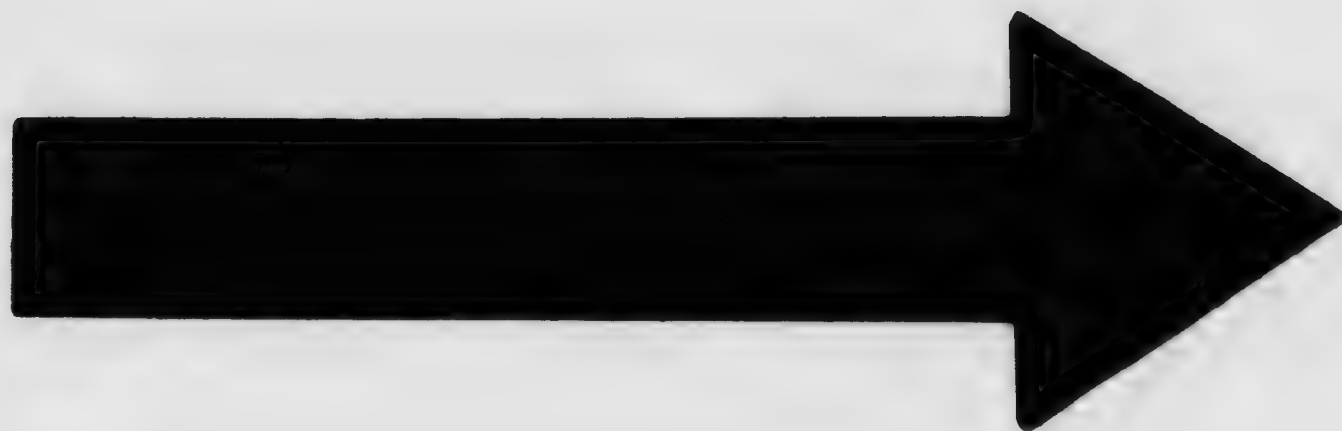
*Go to the Wild that waits for me;*

*Go where the moose and the musk-ox be;*

*Go to the wolf and the secret snows;*

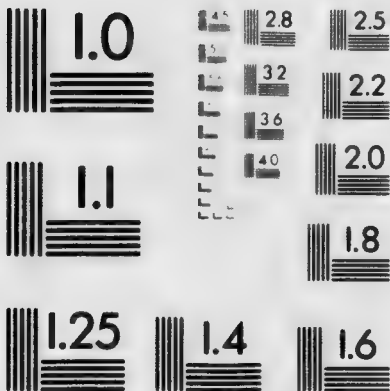
*Go to my fate . . . who knows, who knows!*





# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

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## Ambition

THEY brought the mighty chief to town;  
They showed him strange, unwonted sights;  
Yet as he wandered up and down,  
He seemed to scorn their vain delights.  
His face was grim, his eye lacked fire,  
As one who mourns a glory dead;  
And when they sought his heart's desire:  
"Me like-um tooth same gold," he said.

A dental place they quickly found.  
He neither moaned nor moved his head.  
They pulled his teeth so white and sound;  
They put in teeth of gold instead.  
Oh, never saw I man so gay,  
His very being seemed to swell:  
"Ha, ha!" he cried, "Now Injun say  
Me heap big chief, *me look like hell!*"

## To Sunnydale

THERE lies the trail to Sunnydale,  
Amid the lure of laughter.  
Oh, how can we unhappy be  
Beneath its leafy rafter!  
Each perfect hour is like a flower,  
Each day is like a posy.  
How can you say the skies are grey?  
You're wrong, my friend, they're rosy.

With right good will let's climb the hill,  
And leave behind all sorrow.  
Oh, we'll be gay! a bright to-day  
Will make a bright to-morrow.  
Oh, we'll be strong! the way is long  
That never has a turning;  
The hill is high, but there's the sky,  
And how the West is burning!

And if through chance of circumstance

We have to go bare-foot, sir,

We'll not repine—a friend of mine

Has got no feet to boot, sir.

This Happiness a habit is,

And Life is what we make it:

See! there's the trail to Sunnydale!

Up, friend! and let us take it.

## The Blind and the Dead

SHE lay like a saint on her copper couch;  
Like an angel asleep she lay,  
In the stare of the ghoulish folks that slouch  
Past the Dead and sneak away.

Then came old Jules of the sightless gaze,  
Who begged in the streets for bread.  
Each day he had come for a year of days,  
And groped his way to the Dead.

"What's the Devil's Harvest to-day?" he cried;  
"A wanton with eyes of blue!  
I've known too many a such," he sighed;  
"Maybe I know this . . . mon Dieu!"

He raised the head of the heedless Dead;  
He fingered the frozen face . . .  
Then a deathly spell on the watchers fell—  
God! it was still, that place!

He raised the head of the careless Dead;  
He fumbled a vagrant curl;  
And then with his sightless smile he said:  
"It's only my little girl."

"Dear, my dear, did they hurt you so!  
Come to your daddy's heart . . ."  
Aye, and he held so tight, you know,  
They were hard to force apart.

No! Paris isn't always gay;  
And the morgue has its stories, too:  
You are a writer of tales, you say—  
Then there is a tale for you.

## The Atavist

WHAT are you doing here, Tom Thorne, on the  
white top-knot of the world,  
Where the wind has the cut of a naked knife  
and the stars are rapier keen?  
Hugging a smudgy willow fire, deep in a lynx  
robe curled,  
You that's a lord's own son, Tom Thorne—  
what does your madness mean?

Go home, go home to your clubs, Tom Thorne!  
home to your evening dress!  
Home to your place of power and pride, and  
the feast that waits for you!  
Why do you linger all alone in the splendid  
emptiness,  
Scouring the Land of the Little Sticks on the  
trail of the caribou?



Why did you fall off the Earth, Tom Thorne,  
out of our social ken?

What did your deep damnation prove? What  
was your dark despair?

Oh, with the width of a world between, and years  
to the count of ten,

If they cut out your heart to-night, Tom  
Thorne, *her* name would be graven  
there.

And you fled afar for the thing called Peace,  
and you thought you would find it  
here,

In the purple tundras vastly spread, and the  
mountains whitely piled;

It's a weary quest and a dreary quest, but I  
think that the end is near;

For they say that the Lord has hidden it in  
the secret heart of the Wild.

And you know that heart as few men know, and  
your eyes are fey and deep,

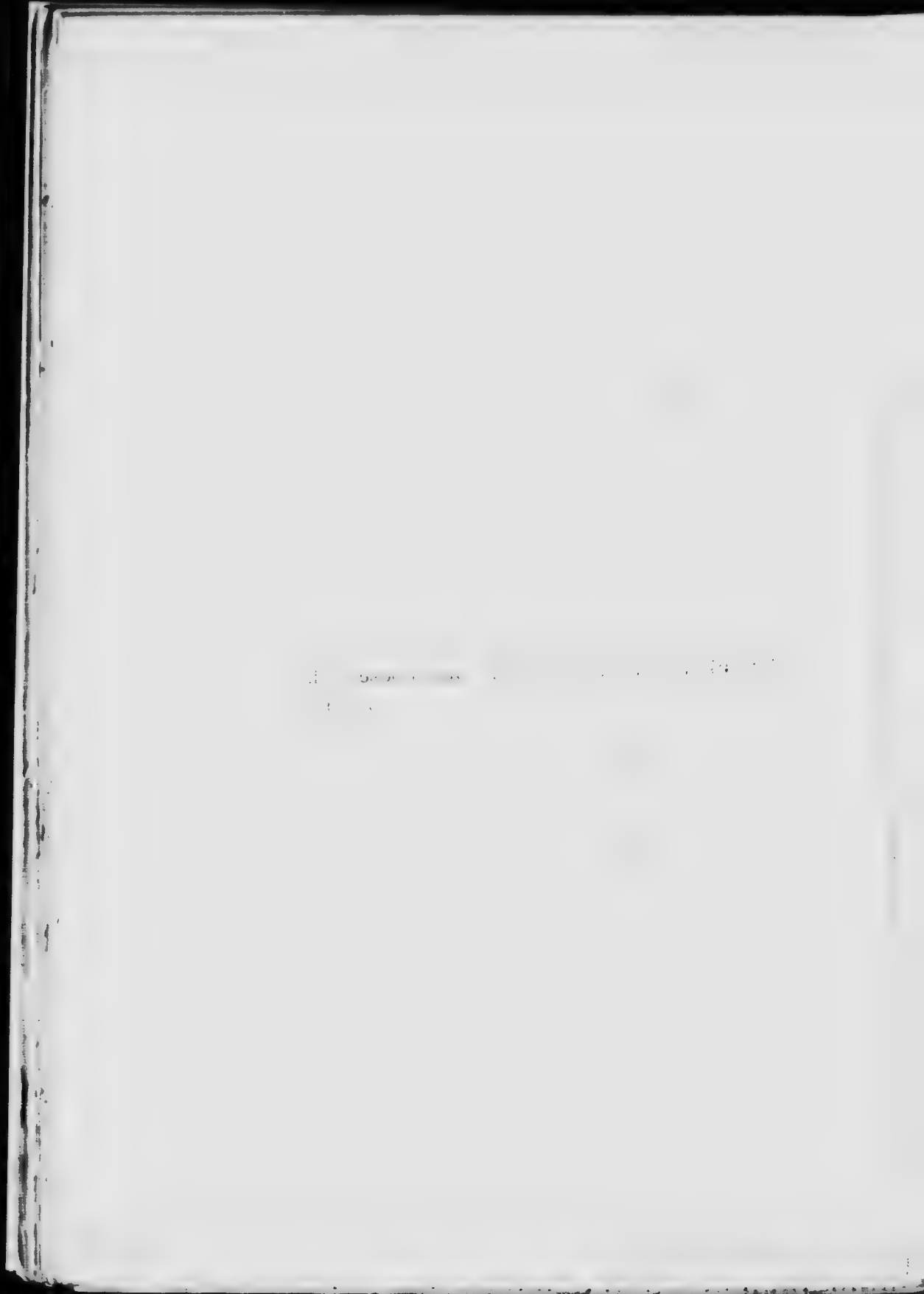
With a "something lost" come welling back  
from the raw, red dawn of life:

With woe and pain have you greatly lain, till  
out of abysmal sleep

The soul of the Stone Age leaps in you, alert  
for the ancient strife.

"I think you would hear the bull-moose call."

—*The Alavist.*







And if you came to our feast again, with its  
pomp and glee and glow,

I think you would sit stone-still, Tom Thorne,  
and see in a daze of dream

A mad sun goading to frenzied flame the glitter-  
ing gems of the snow,

And a monster musk-ox bulking black against  
the blood-red gleam.

I think you would see berg-battling shores, and  
stammer and halt and stare

With a sudden sense of the frozen void,  
serene and vast and still;

And the aching gleam and the hush of dream,  
and the track of a great white bear,

And the primal lust that surged in you as you  
sprang to make your kill.

I think you would hear the bull-moose call, and  
the gluttoned river roar,

And spy the hosts of the caribou shadow the  
shining plain;

And feel the pulse of the silences, and stand  
elate once more

On the verge of the yawning vastitudes that  
call to you in vain.

For I think you are one with the stars and the  
sun, and the wind and the wave and the  
dew;

And the peaks untrod that yearn to God, and  
the valleys undefiled;

Men soar with wings, and they bridle kings, but  
what is it all to you,

Wise in the ways of the wilderness, and strong  
with the strength of the Wild?

You have spent your life, you have waged your  
strife where never we play a part;

You have held the throne of the Great  
Unknown, you have ruled a kingdom  
vast:

. . . . .

*But to-night there's a strange, new trail for you,  
and you go, O weary heart!*

*To the peace and rest of the Great Unguessed  
. . . at last, Tom Thorne, at last.*

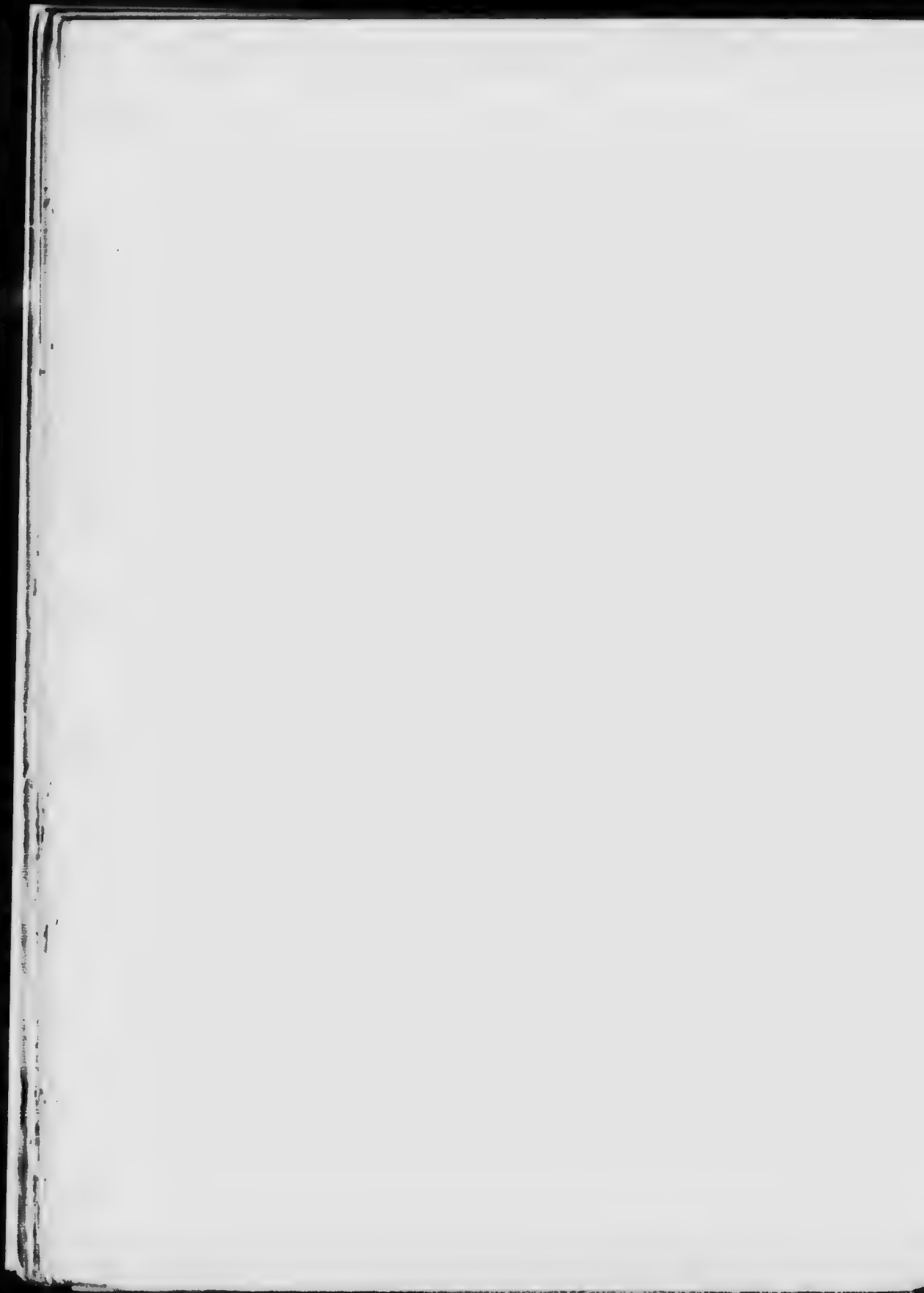
"The peaks untrod that yearn to God."

—*The Alchemist*.



700





## The Sceptic

My Father Christmas passed away  
When I was barely seven.  
At twenty-one, alack-a-day,  
I lost my hope of heaven.

Yet not in either lies the curse:  
The hell of it's because  
I don't know which loss hurt the worse—  
My God or Santa Claus.

## The Rover

### I.

Oh, how good it is to be  
Foot-loose and heart-free!  
Just my dog and pipe and I, underneath the  
vast sky;  
Trail to try and goal to win, white road and cool  
inn;  
Fields to lure a lad afar, clear spring and still  
star;  
Lilting feet that never tire, green dingle, faggot  
fire;  
None to hurry, none to hold, heather hill and  
hushed fold;  
Nature like a picture-book, laughing leaf and  
bright brook;  
Every day a jewel bright, set serenely in the  
night;  
Every night a holy shrine, radiant for a day  
divine.

Weathered cheek and kindly eye, let the wanderer go by.  
 Woman-love and wistful heart, let the gipsy one depart.  
 For the farness and the road are his glory and his goad.  
 Oh, the lilt of youth and Spring! Eyes laugh and lips sing.  
 Yea, but it is good to be  
 Foot-loose and heart-free!

II.

Yet how good it is to come  
 Home at last, home, home!  
 On the clover swings the bee, overhead's the hale tree.  
 Sky of turquoise gleams through, yonder glints the lake's blue.  
 In a hammock let's swing, weary of wandering;  
 Tired of wild, uncertain lands, strange faces, faint hands.  
 Has the wondrous world gone cold? Am I growing old, old?  
 Grey and weary . . . let me dream, glide on the tranquil stream.

Oh, what joyous days I've had, full, fervid, gay,  
glad!

Yet there comes a subtle change, let the strip-  
ling rove, range.

From sweet roving comes sweet rest, after all,  
home's best.

And if there's a little bit of woman-love with it,  
I will count my life content, God-blest and well  
spent . . . .

Oh, but it is good to be

Foot-loose and heart-free!

Yet how good it is to come

Home at last, home, home!

## Barb-Wire Bill

At dawn of day the white land lay all gruesome-  
like and grim,

When Bill McGee he says to me: "We've *got* to  
do it, Jim.

We've got to make Fort Liard quick. I know  
the river's bad,

But, oh! the little woman's sick . . . why!  
don't you savvy, lad?"

And me! Well, yes, I must confess it wasn't  
hard to see

Their little family group of two would soon be  
one of three.

And so I answered, careless-like: "Why, Bill!  
you don't suppose

I'm scared of that there 'babbling brook'?  
Whatever you say—goes."

A real live man was Barb-Wire Bill, with insides  
copper-lined;

For "barb-wire" was the brand of "hooch" to  
which he most inclined.



They knew him far; his igloos are on Kittie-  
gazuit strand.

They knew him well, the tribes who dwell within  
the Barren Land.

From Koyokuk to Kuskoquim his fame was  
everywhere;

And he did love, all life above, that little Julie  
Claire,

The lithe, white slave-girl he had bought for  
seven hundred skins,

And taken to his wickiup to make his moccasins.

We crawled down to the river bank, and feeble  
folk were we,

That Julie Claire from God-knows-where, and  
Barb-Wire Bill and me.

From shore to shore we heard the roar the heav-  
ing ice-floes make,

And loud we laughed, and launched our raft,  
and followed in their wake.

The river swept and seethed and leapt, and  
caught us in its stride;

And on we hurled amid a world that crashed on  
every side.

With sullen din the banks caved in; the shore-  
ice lanced the stream;

The naked flocs like spooks arose, all jigging and  
agleam.

Black anchor-ice of strange device shot upward  
from its bed,

As night and day we cleft our way, and arrow-  
like we sped.

But "Faster still!" cried Barb-wire Bill, and  
looked the live-long day

To dull despair at Julie Claire, where white like  
death she lay.

And sometimes he would seem to pray and some-  
times seem to curse,

And bent above, with eyes of love, yet ever she  
grew worse.

And as we plunged and leapt and aged, her  
face was plucked with pain,

And I could feel his nerves of steel a-quiver at  
the strain.

And in the night he gripped me tight as I lay  
fast asleep:

"The river's kicking like a steer . . . run  
out the forward sweep!

That's Hell-gate Canyon right ahead; I know of  
old its roar,

And . . . I'll be damned! *the ice is jammed!*  
We've got to make the shore."

With one wild leap I gripped the sweep. The  
night was black as sin.  
The float-ice crashed and ripped and smashed,  
and stunned us with its din.  
And near and near, and clear and clear I heard  
the canyon boom;  
And swift and strong we swept along to meet  
our awful doom.  
And as with dread I glimpsed ahead the death  
that waited there,  
My only thought was of the girl, the little Julie  
Claire;  
And so, like demon mad with fear, I panted at  
the oar,  
And foot by foot, and inch by inch, we worked  
the raft ashore.

The bank was staked with grinding ice, and as  
we scraped and crashed,  
I only knew one thing to do, and through my  
mind it flashed:  
Yet while I groped to find the rope, I heard Bill's  
savage cry:  
"That's my job, lad! It's me that jumps. I'll  
snub this raft or die!"

I saw him leap, I saw him creep, I saw him gain  
the land;  
I saw him crawl, I saw him fall, then run with  
rope in hand.  
And then the darkness gulped him up, and down  
we dashed once more,  
And nearer, nearer drew the jam, and thunder-  
like its roar.  
Oh, God! all's lost . . . from Julie Claire  
there came a wail of pain,  
And then—the rope grew sudden taut, and quiv-  
ered at the strain;  
It slacked and slipped, it whined and gripped,  
and oh, I held my breath!  
And there we hung and there we swung right in  
the jaws of death.

A little strand of hempen rope, and how I  
watched it there,  
With all around a hell of sound, and darkness  
and despair;  
A little strand of hempen rope, I watched it all  
alone,  
And somewhere in the dark behind I heard a  
woman moan;

And somewhere in the dark ahead I heard a man  
cry out,  
Then silence, silence, silence fell, and mocked  
my hollow shout.  
And yet once more from out the shore I heard  
that cry of pain,  
A moan of mortal agony, then all was still again.

That night was hell with all the frills, and when  
the dawn broke dim,  
I saw a lean and level land, but never sign of  
him.  
I saw a flat and frozen shore of hideous device,  
I saw a long-drawn strand of rope that vanished  
through the ice.  
And on that treeless, rockless shore I found my  
partner—dead.  
No place was there to snub the raft, so—*he had  
served instead!*  
And with the rope lashed round his waist, in  
last defiant fight,  
He'd thrown himself beneath the ice, that closed  
and gripped him tight;  
And there he'd held us back from death, as fast  
in death he lay . . .  
Say, boys! I'm not the pious brand, but—I just  
tried to pray.

And then I looked to Julie Claire, and sore  
 abashed was I,  
 For from the robes that covered her *I heard —a*  
*baby cry.* . . . .

Thus was Love conqueror of death, and life for  
 life was given;  
 And though no saint on earth, d'ye think Bill's  
 squared hisself with Heaven?

“?”

If you had the choice of two women to wed,  
 (Though of course the idea is quite absurd),  
 And the first from her heels to her dainty head  
 Was charming in every sense of the word:  
 And yet in the past (I grieve to state)  
 She never had been exactly “straight.”

And the second—she was beyond all cavil,  
 A model of virtue, I must confess;  
 And yet, alas! she was dull as the devil,  
 And rather a dowl in the way of dress;  
 Though what she was lacking in wit and beauty  
 She more than made up for in “sense of duty.”

Now, suppose you must wed, and make no blander,  
 And either would love you, and let you win  
 her—  
 Which of the two would you choose, I wonder,  
 The stolid saint or the sparkling sinner?

## Just Think!

JUST think! some night the stars will gleam  
    Upon a cold, grey stone,  
And trace a name with silver beam,  
    And lo! 'twill be your own.

That night is speeding on to greet  
    Your epitaphic rhyme.  
Your life is but a little beat  
    Within the heart of Time.

A little gain, a little pain.  
    A laugh, lest you may moan;  
A little blame, a little fame,  
    A star-gleam on a stone.



## The Lunger

JACK would laugh an' joke all day;  
 Never saw a lad so gay;  
 Singin' like a medder lark,  
 Loaded to the Plimsoll mark  
 With God's sunshine was that boy;  
 Had a strangle-holt on Joy,  
 Held his head 'way up in air,  
 Left no callin'-cards on Care;  
 Breezy, buoyant, brave and true;  
 Sent his sunshine out to you;  
 Cheerfulest when clouds was black —  
     Happy Jack! Oh, Happy Jack!

Sittin' in my shack alone  
 I could hear him in his own,  
 Singin' far into the night,  
 Till it didn't seem just right  
 One man should corral the fun,  
 Live his life so in the sun;  
 Didn't seem quite natural  
 Not to have a grouch at all;  
 Not a trouble, not a lack—  
     Happy Jack! Oh, Happy Jack!

He was plumbful of good cheer  
Till he struck that low-down year;  
Got so thin, so little to him,  
You could most see daylight through him.  
Never was his eye so bright,  
Never was his cheek so white.  
Seemed as if somethin' was wrong,  
Sort o' quaver in his song.  
Same old smile, same hearty voice:  
"Bless you, boys! let's all rejoice!"  
But old Doctor shook his head:  
"Half a lung," was all he said.  
Yet that half was surely right,  
For I heard him every night,  
Singin', singin' in his shack—  
Happy Jack! Oh, Happy Jack!

Then one day a letter came  
Endin' with a female name;  
Seemed to get him in the neck,  
Sort o' pile-driver effect;  
Paled his lip and plucked his breath,  
Left him starin' still as death.  
Somethin' had gone awful wrong,  
Yet that night he sang his song.  
Oh, but it was good to hear!  
For there clutched my heart a fear,

## The Lunger

So that I quaked listenin'  
Every night to hear him sing.  
But each day he laughed with me,  
An' his smile was full of glee.  
Nothin' seemed to set him back—  
Happy Jack! Oh, Happy Jack!

Then one night the singin' stopped . . .  
Seemed as if my heart just flopped;  
For I'd learned to love the boy  
With his gilt-edged line of joy,  
With his glorious gift of bluff,  
With his splendid fightin' stuff.  
Sing on, lad, and play the game!  
O dear God! . . . no singin' came,  
But there surged to me instead—  
Silence, silence, deep and dread;  
Till I shuddered, tried to pray,  
Said: "He's maybe gone away."

Oh, yes, he had gone away,  
Gone forever and a day.  
But he'd left behind him there,  
In his cabin, pinched and bare,  
His poor body, skin and bone,  
His sharp face, cold as a stone.

An' his stiffened fingers pressed  
Somethin' bright upon his breast:  
Locket with a silken curl,  
Poor, sweet portrait of a girl.  
Yet I reckon at the last  
How defiant-like he passed;  
For there sat upon his lips  
Smile that death could not eclipse;  
An' within his eyes lived still  
Joy that dyin' could not kill.

An' now when the nights are long,  
How I miss his cheery song!  
How I sigh an' wish him back!  
Happy Jack! Oh, Happy Jack!

## The Mountain and the Lake

I KNOW a mountain thrilling to the stars,  
 Peerless and pure, and pinnacled with snow;  
 Glimpsing the golden dawn o'er coral bars,  
 Flaunting the vanished sunset's garnet glow;  
 Proudly patrician, passionless, serene;  
 Soaring in silvered steeps where cloud-surfs  
 break;  
 Virgin and vestal—Oh, a very Queen!  
 And at her feet there dreams a quiet lake.

My lake adores my mountain—well I know,  
 For I have watched it from its dawn-dream  
 start,  
 Stilling its mirror to her splendid snow,  
 Framing her image in its trembling heart;  
 Glassing her graciousness of greening wood,  
 Kissing her drone, melodiously mad,  
 Thrilling responsive to her every mood,  
 Gloomed with her sadness, gay when she is  
 glad.

"And at her feet there dreams a quiet lake."

—*The Mountain and the Lake.*

17







The Mountain and the Lake 89

My lake has dreamed and loved since time was  
born;

Will love and dream till time shall cease to be;  
Gazing to Her in worship half forlorn,

Who looks towards the stars and will not see —  
My peerless mountain, splendid in her scorn. . . .  
Alas! poor little lake! Alas! poor me!

## The Headliner and the Breadliner

Moko, the Educated Ape, is here,  
 The pet of vaudeville, so the posters say,  
 And every night the gaping people pay  
 To see him in his panoply appear;  
 To see him pad his paunch with dainty cheer,  
 Puff his perfecto, swill champagne, and sway  
 Just like a gentleman, yet all in play,  
 Then bow himself off stage with brutish leer.

And as to-night, with noble knowledge crammed,  
 I 'mid this human compost take my place,  
 I, once a poet, now so dead and damned,  
 The woeful tears half freezing on my face:  
 "O God!" I cry, "let me but take his shape  
 Moko's, the Blest, the Educated Ape."

## Death in the Arctic

### I.

I took the clock down from the shelf;  
 "At eight," said I, "I shoot myself"  
 It lacked a *minute* of the hour  
 And as I waited all a-cower,  
 A skinful of black, boding pain,  
 Bits of my life came back again. . . .

*"Mother, there's nothing more to eat—  
 Why don't you go out on the street?  
 Always you sit and cry and cry;  
 Here at my play I wonder why.  
 Mother, when you dress up at night,  
 Red are your cheeks, your eyes are bright;  
 Twining a riband in your hair,  
 Kissing good-bye you go down-stair.  
 Then I'm as lonely as can be.  
 Oh, how I wish you were with me!  
 Yet when you go out on the street,  
 Mother, there's always lots to eat." . . .*

## II.

For days the igloo has been dark;  
 But now the rag wick sends a spark  
 That glitters in the icy air,  
 And wakes frost sapphires everywhere;  
 Bright, bitter flames, that adder-like  
 Dart here and there, yet fear to strike  
 The gruesome gloom wherein *they* lie,  
 My comrades, oh, so keen to die!  
 And I, the last—well, here I wait  
 The clock to strike the hour of eight. . . .

*"Boy, it is bitter to be hurled  
 Nameless and naked on the world;  
 Frozen by night and starved by day,  
 Curses and kicks and clouts your pay.  
 But you must fight! Boy, look on me!  
 Anarch of all earth-misery;  
 Beggar and tramp and shameless sot;  
 Emblem of ill, in rags that rot.  
 Would you be foul and base as I?  
 Oh, it is better far to die!  
 Swear to me now you'll fight and fight,  
 Boy, or I'll kill you here to-night." . . .*

## III.

Curse this silence soft and black!  
Sting, little light, the shadows back!  
Dance, little flame, with freakish glee!  
Twinkle with brilliant mockery!  
Glitter on ice-robed roof and floor!  
Jewel the bear-skin of the door!  
Gleam in my beard, illumine my breath,  
Blanch the clock face that times my death!  
But do not pierce that murk so deep,  
Where in their sleeping-bags they sleep!  
But do not linger where they lie,  
They who had all the luck to die! . . .

*"There is nothing more to say;  
Let us part and go our way.  
Since it seems we can't agree,  
I will go across the sea,  
Proud of heart and strong am I;  
Not for woman will I sigh;  
Hold my head up gay and glad:  
You can find another lad."* . . .

## IV.

Above the igloo piteous flies  
Our frayed flag to the frozen skies.

## Death in the Arctic

Oh, would you know how earth can be  
 A hell—go north of Eighty-three  
 Go, scan the snows day after day,  
 And hope for help, and pray and pray;  
 Have seal-hide and sea-lice to eat;  
 Melt water with your body's heat;  
 Sleep all the fell, black winter through  
 Beside the dear, dead men you knew.  
 (The walrus blubber flares and gleams—  
 O God! how long a minute seems!) . . .

*" Mary, many a day has passed,  
 Since that morn of hot-head youth,  
 Come I back at last, at last,  
 Crushed with knowing of the truth;  
 How through bitter, barren years  
 You loved me, and me alone;  
 Waited, wearied, wept your tears—  
 Oh, could I atone, atone,  
 I would pay a million-fold!  
 Pay you for the love you gave.  
 Mary, look down as of old —  
 I am kneeling by your grave."* . . .

## V.

Olaf, the Blonde, was the first to go;  
Bitten his eyes were by the snow;  
Sightless and sealed his eyes of blue,  
So that he died before I knew.  
Here in these poor weak arms he died:  
"Wolves will not get you, lad," I lied;  
"For I will watch till Spring come round,  
Slumber you shall beneath the ground."  
Oh, how I lied! I scarce can wait:  
Strike, little clock, the hour of eight! . . .

*"Comrade, can you blame me quite?  
The horror of the long, long night  
Is on me, and I've borne with pain  
So long, and hoped for help in vain,  
So frail am I, and blind and dazed;  
With scurvy sick, with silence crazed,  
Beneath the Arctic's heel of hate,  
Arid for Death I wait, I wait.  
Oh, if I falter, fail to fight,  
Can you, dear comrade, blame me quite?"*

## VI.

Big Eric gave up months ago.  
But seldom do men suffer so.



His feet sloughed off, his fingers died,  
 His hands shrunk up and mummified.  
 I had to feed him like a child;  
 Yet he was valiant, joked and smiled,  
 Talked of his wife and little one  
 (Thanks be to God that I have none),  
 Passed in the night without a moan,  
 Passed, and I'm here, alone, alone. . . .

*"I've got to kill you, Dick.  
 Your life for mine, you know.  
 Better to do it quick,  
 A swift and sudden blow.  
 See! here's my hand to lick;  
 A hug before you go—  
 God! but it makes me sick;  
 Old dog, I love you so.  
 Forgive, forgive me, Dick—  
 A swift and sudden blow." . . .*

## VII.

Often I start up in the dark,  
 Thinking the sound of bells to hear.  
 Often I wake from sleep: "Oh, hark!  
 Help . . . it is coming . . . near  
 and near."

Blindly I reel toward the door;  
 There the snow billows bleak and bare;  
 Blindly I seek my den once more,  
 Silence and darkness and despair.  
 Oh, it is all a dreadful dream!  
 Scurvy and cold and death and dearth;  
 I will awake to warmth and gleam,  
 Silvery seas and greening earth.  
 Life is a dream, its wakening,  
 Death, gentle shadow of God's wing. . . .

*.. Tick, little clock, my life away!  
 Even a second seems a day,  
 Even a minute seems a year,  
 Peopled with ghosts that press and peer  
 Into my face so charnel white,  
 Lit by the devilish, dancing light  
 Tick, little clock! mete out my fate:  
 Tortured and tense I wait, I wait." . . .*

VIII.

Oh, I have sworn! the hour is nigh:  
 When it strikes eight, I die, I die.

Raise up the gun—it stings my brow—  
 When it strikes eight . . . all ready  
 . . . now --

\* \* \* \* \*

Down from my hand the weapon dropped;  
 Wildly I stared . . .

THE CLOCK HAD STOPPED.

### IX.

Phantoms and fears and ghosts have gone.  
 Peace seems to nestle in my brain.

Lo! the clock stopped, I'm living on;

Heart-sick I was, and less than sane,  
 Yet do I scorn the thing I planned.

Hearing a voice: "O coward, fight!"  
 Then the clock stopped . . . whose was  
 the hand?

Maybe 'twas God's—ah, well, all's right.  
 Heap on me darkness, fold on fold!

Pain! wrench and rack me! What care I?  
 Leap on me, hunger, thirst and cold!

I will await my time to die;  
 Looking to Heaven that shines above;  
 Looking to God, and love . . . and love.

X.

Hark! what is that? Bells, dogs again!

Is it a dream? I sob and cry

See! the door opens, fur-clad men

Rush to my rescue; frail am I;

Feeble and dying, dazed and glad.

There is the pistol where it dropped.

"Boys, it was hard—but I'm not mad . . .

Look at the clock—it stopped, it stopped.

Carry me out. The heavens smile.

See! there's an arch of gold above.

Now, let me rest a little while—

*Looking to God and love . . . and love."*

## Dreams are Best

I JUST think that dreams are best,  
Just to sit and fancy things;  
Give your gold no acid test,  
Try not how your silver rings;  
Fancy women pure and good,  
Fancy men upright and true:  
Fortressed in your solitude,  
Let Life be a dream to you.

For I think that Thought is all;  
Truth's a minion of the mind;  
Love's ideal comes at call;  
As ye seek so shall ye find.  
But ye must not seek too far;  
Things are never what they seem:  
Let a star be just a star,  
And a woman—just a dream.

O you Dreamers, proud and pure,  
 You have gleaned the sweet of life!  
 Golden truths that shall endure  
 Over pain and doubt and strife.  
 I would rather be a fool  
 Living in my Paradise,  
 Than the leader of a school,  
 Sadly sane and weary-wise.

O you Cynics with your sneers,  
 Fallen brains and hearts of brass,  
 Tweak me by my foolish ears,  
 Write me down a simple ass!  
 I'll believe the real "you"  
 Is the "you" without a taint;  
 I'll believe each woman, too,  
 But a slightly damaged saint.

Yes, I'll smoke my cigarette,  
 Vestured in my garb of dreams,  
 And I'll borrow no regret;  
 All is gold that golden gleams.  
 So I'll charm my solitude  
 With the faith that Life is blest,  
 Brave and noble, bright and good . . .  
 Oh, I think that dreams are best!

## The Quitter

WHEN you're lost in the Wild, and you're scared  
as a child,

And Death looks you bang in the eye,  
And you're sore as a boil, it's according to Hoyle  
To cock your revolver and . . . die.  
But the Code of a Man says: "Fight all you  
can,"

And self-dissolution is barred.  
In hunger and woe, oh, it's easy to blow . . .  
It's the hell-served-for-breakfast that's hard.

"You're sick of the game!" Well, now, that's a  
shame.

You're young and you're brave and you're  
bright.

"You've had a raw deal!" I know—but don't  
squeal,

Buck up, do your damndest, and fight.  
It's the plugging away that will win you the day,  
So don't be a piker, old pard!

Just draw on your grit; it's so easy to quit:  
It's the keeping-your-chin-up that's hard.

It's easy to cry that you're beaten—and die;  
It's easy to crawfish and crawl;  
But to fight and to fight when hope's out of  
sight—

Why, that's the best game of them all!  
And though you come out of each gruelling bout  
All broken and beaten and scarred,  
Just have one more try—it's dead easy to die,  
It's the keeping-on-living that's hard.



## The Cow-Juice Cure

THE clover was in blossom, an' the year was at  
the June,

When Flap-jack Billy hit the town, likewise  
O'Flynn's saloon.

The frost was on the fodder an' the wind was  
growin' keen,

When Billy got to seein' snakes in Sullivan's  
shebeen.

Then in meandered Deep-hole Dan, once com-  
rade of the cup:

"Oh, Billy, for the love of Mike, why don't ye  
sober up?

I've got the gorgus recipay, 'tis smooth an' slick  
as silk—

Jest quit yer strangle-holt on hooch, an' irrigate  
with milk.

Locktecal floodid is the lubrication you require;  
Yer nervus frame-up's like a bunch of snarled  
piano wire.

You want to get it coated up with addypose  
tishoo,  
So's it will work elastic-like, an' milk's the dope  
for you."

Well, Billy was complyable, an' in a month, it's  
strange,  
That cow-juice seemed to oppyrate a most amaz-  
in' change.  
"Call up the water-wagon, Dan, an' book my  
seat," sez he.  
"'Tis mighty queer," sez Deep-hole Dan, "'twas  
just the same with me."  
They shanghaied little Tom O'Shane, they  
cached him safe away,  
An' though he objurgated some, they "cured"  
him night an' day;  
"I'll never take another drink," sez Timothy  
O'Shane.  
An' pretty soon there came the change amazin'  
to explain:  
They tried it out on Spike Muldoon, that toper  
of renown;  
They put it over Grouch McGraw, the terror of  
the town.

They roped in "tanks" from far and near, an'  
every test was sure,  
An' like a flame there ran the fame of Deep-  
hole's Cow-juice Cure.

"It's mighty queer," sez Deep-hole Dan, "I'm  
puzzled through and through;  
It's only milk from Riley's ranch, no other milk  
will do."  
An' it jest happened on that night, with no pre-  
dictive plan,  
He left some milk from Riley's ranch a-settin'  
in a pan;  
An' picture his amazement when he poured that  
milk next day—  
There in the bottom of the pan a dozen "col-  
ours" lay.

"Well, what d'ye know 'bout that?" sez Dan;  
"Gosh-ding my dasted eyes,  
We've been an' had the Gold Cure, Bill, an' none  
of us was wise!  
The milk's free-millin', that's a cinch; there's  
colours everywhere.  
Now, let us figger this thing out—how does the  
dust git there?

'Gold from the grass-roots down,' they say—  
why, Bill! we've got it cold—

Them cows what nibbles up the grass, jest nib-  
bles up the gold.

We're blasted, bloomin' millionaires; dissemble  
an' lie low:

We'll follow them gold-bearin' cows, an' prospect  
where they go."

An' so it came to pass, fer weeks them miners  
might be found

A-sneakin' round on Riley's ranch, an' snipin'  
at the ground;

Till even Riley stops an' stares, an' presently  
allows:

"Them boys appear to take a mighty interest in  
cows."

An' night an' day they shadowed each aurifer-  
ous bovine,

An' panned the grass-roots on their trail, yet  
niver gold they seen.

An' all that season, secret-like, they worked an'  
nothin' found;

An' there was colours in the milk, but none was  
in the ground.

An' mighty desperate was they, an' down upon  
their luck,

When sudden, inspiration-like, the source of it  
they struck.

An' where d'ye think they traced it to? It  
grieves my heart to tell—

In the black sand at the bottom of that wicked  
milkman's *well*.

## While the Bannock Bakes

LIGHT up your pipe again, old chum, and sit  
awhile with me;

I've got to watch the bannock bake—how rest-  
ful is the air!

You'd little think that we were somewhere north  
of Sixty-three.

Though where I don't exactly know, and don't  
precisely care.

The man-size mountains palisade us round on  
every side;

The river is a-flop with fish, and ripples silver-  
clear;

The midnight sunshine brims yon cleft—we  
think it's the Divide;

We'll get there in a month, maybe, or maybe  
in a year.

It doesn't matter, does it, pal? We're of that  
breed of men

With whom the world of wine and cards and  
women disagree;

110      While the Bannock Bakes

Your trouble was a roofless game of poker now  
and then,

And "raising up my elbow," that's what got  
away with me.

We're merely "Undesirables," artistic more or  
less;

My horny hands are Chopin-wise; you quote  
your Browning well;

And yet we're fooling round for gold in this  
damned wilderness:

The joke is, if we found it, we would both go  
straight to hell.

Well, maybe we won't find it—and at least we've  
got the "life."

We're both as brown as berries, and could  
wrestle with a bear:

(That bannock's raising nicely, pal; just jab it  
with your knife.)

Fine specimens of manhood they would reckon  
us out there.

It's the tracking and the packing and the poling  
in the sun;

It's the sleeping in the open, it's the rugged,  
unfaked' food;

While the Bannock Bakes 111

It's the snow-shoe and the paddle, and the camp-  
fire and the gun,  
And when I think of what I was, I know that  
it is good.

Just think of how we've poled all day up this  
strange little stream;

Since life began no eye of man has seen this  
place before;

How fearless all the wild things are! the banks  
with goose-grass gleam,

And there's a bronzy muskrat sitting sniffing  
at his door.

A mother duck with brood of ten comes squat-  
tering along;

The tawny, white-winged ptarmigan are flying  
all about;

And in that swirly, golden pool, a restless, gleam-  
ing throng,

The trout are waiting till we condescend to  
take them out.

Ah, yes, it's good! I'll bet that there's no doctor  
like the Wild;

(Just turn that bannock over there; it's get-  
ting nicely brown);



112      While the Bannock Bakes

I might be in my grave by now, forgotten and  
reviled,

Or rotting like a sickly cur in some far, for-  
eign town.

I might be that vile thing I was—it all seems  
like a dream;

I owed a man a grudge one time that only life  
could pay;

And yet it's half-forgotten now—how petty these  
things seem!

(But that's "another story," pal; I'll tell it  
you some day.)

How strange two "irresponsibles" should chum  
away up here!

But round the Arctic Circle friends are few  
and far between.

We've shared the same camp-fire and tent for  
nigh on seven year.

And never had a word that wasn't cheering  
and serene.

We've halved the toil and split the spoil, and  
borne each other's pack;

By all the Wild's freemasonry we're brothers  
tried and true;

n and  
t, for-  
seems  
ly life  
these  
tell it

chum  
e few  
nt for  
ering  
l, and  
others,

"The silence seems a solid thing, shot through  
with wolfish woe."

—*While the Bannock Bakes.*







While the Bannock Bakes 113

We've swept on danger side by side, and fought  
it back to back,

And you would die for me, old pal, and I  
would die for you.

Now there was that time I got lost in Rory Bory  
Land,

(How quick the blizzards sweep on one across  
that Polar sea!)

You formed a rescue crew of One, and saw a  
frozen hand

That stuck out of a drift of snow—and, part-  
ner, it was Me.

But I got even, did I not, that day the paddle  
broke?

White water on the Coppermine—a rock—a  
split canoe—

Two fellows struggling in the foam (one couldn't  
swim a stroke):

A half-drowned man I dragged ashore . . .  
and, partner, it was You.

. . . . .

In Rory Borealis Land the winter's long and  
black;

The silence seems a solid thing, shot through  
with wolfish woe;

114      While the Bannock Bakes

And rowelled by the eager stars the skies vault  
    vastly back,  
    And man seems but a little mite in that weird-  
    lit plateau.  
Nothing to do but smoke and yarn of wild and  
    mis-spent lives,  
    Beside the camp-fire there we sat—what tales  
    you told to me  
Of love and hate, and chance and fate, and tem-  
    porary wives!  
In Rory Borealis Land, beside the Arctic Sea.

One yarn you told me in those days I can remem-  
    ber still;  
    It seemed as if I visioned it, so sharp you  
    sketched it in;  
Bellona was the name, I think; a coast town in  
    Brazil,  
    Where nobody did anything but serenade and  
    sin.  
I saw it all—the jewelled sea, the golden scythe  
    of sand,  
    The stately pillars of the palms, the feathery  
    bamboo,

The red-roofed houses and the swart, sun-dominated land,  
The people ever children, and the heavens  
ever blue.

You told me of that girl of yours, that blossom  
of old Spain,

All glamour, grace and witchery, all passion,  
verve and glow.

How maddening she must have been! You made  
me see her plain,

There by our little camp-fire, in the silence  
and the snow.

You loved her and she loved you. She'd a husband,  
too, I think;

A doctor chap, you told me, whom she treated  
like a dog.

A white man living on the beach, a hopeless  
slave to drink—

(Just turn that bannock over there, that's  
propped against the log).

That story seemed to strike me, pal—it happens  
every day:

You had to go away awhile, then somehow it  
befell



The doctor chap discovered, gave her up, and  
went away;

You came back, tired of her in time . . .  
there's nothing more to tell.

Hist! see those willows silvering where swamp  
and river meet!

Just reach me up my rifle, quick; that's Mister  
Moose, I know—

There now, *I've got him dead to rights* . . .  
but, hell! we've lots to eat;

I don't believe in taking life—we'll let the  
beggar go.

Heigh-ho! I'm tired; the bannock's cooked; it's  
time we both turned in.

The morning mist is coral-kissed, the morning  
sky is gold.

The camp-fire's a confessional—what funny  
yarns we spin!

It sort of made me think a bit, that story that  
you told.

The fig-leaf belt and Rory Bory are such odd  
extremes,

Yet after all how very small this old world  
seems to be . . .

While the Bannock Bakes 117

Yes, that was quite a yarn, old pal, and yet to  
me it seems

You missed the point: the point is that the  
"doctor chap" . . . was *me*.

## The Lost Master

"AND when I come to die," he said,  
"Ye shall not lay me out in state,  
Nor leave your laurels at my head,  
Nor cause your men of speech orate;  
No monument your gift shall be,  
No column in the Hall of Fame;  
But just this line ye grave for me:  
    'He played the game.'"

So when his glorious task was done,  
It was not of his fame we thought;  
It was not of his battles won,  
But of the pride with which he fought;  
But of his zest, his ringing laugh,  
His trenchant scorn of praise or blame:  
And so we graved his epitaph,  
    "He played the game."

And so we, too, in humbler ways  
Went forth to fight the fight anew,  
And heeding neither blame nor praise,  
We held the course he set us true.  
And we, too, find the fighting sweet;  
And we, too, fight for fighting's sake;  
And though we go down in defeat,  
And though our stormy hearts may break,  
We will not do our Master shame:  
We'll play the game, please God,  
We'll play the game.

## Little Moccasins

COME out, O Little Moccasins, and frolic on the  
snow!

Come out, O tiny beaded feet, and twinkle in  
the light!

I'll play the old Red River reel, you used to love  
it so:

Awake, O Little Moccasins, and dance for me  
to-night!

Your hair was all a gleamy gold, your eyes a  
corn-flower blue;

Your cheeks were pink as tinted shells, you  
stepped light as a fawn;

Your mouth was like a coral bud, with seed  
pearls peeping through;

As gladdening as Spring you were, as radiant  
as dawn.

Come out, O Little Moccasins! I'll play so soft  
and low,

The songs you loved, the old heart-songs that  
in my mem'ry ring;

O child, I want to hear you now beside the camp-  
fire glow!

With all your heart a-throbbing in the simple  
words you sing.

For there was only you and I, and you were all  
to me;

And round us were the barren lands, but little  
did we fear;

Of all God's happy, happy folks the happiest  
were we . . .

(Oh, call her, poor old fiddle mine, and maybe  
she will hear!)

Your mother was a half-breed Cree, but you  
were white all through;

And I your father was—but, well, that's  
neither here nor there;

I only know, my little Queen, that all my world  
was you,

And now that world can end to-night, and I  
will never care.

For there's a tiny wooden cross that pricks up  
through the snow:

(Poor Little Moccasins! you're tired, and so  
you lie at rest.)

And there's a grey-haired, weary man beside the  
camp-fire glow:

(O fiddle mine! the tears to-night are drum-  
ming on your breast.)

## The Wanderlust

THE Wanderlust has lured me to the seven  
lonely seas,

Has dumped me on the tailing-piles of dearth;  
The Wanderlust has haled me from the morris  
chairs of ease,

Has hurled me to the ends of all the earth.  
How bitterly I've cursed it, oh, the Painted  
Desert knows,

The wraithlike heights that hug the pallid  
plain,

The all-but-fluid silence—yet the longing grows  
and grows,

And I've got to glut the Wanderlust again.

Soldier, sailor, in what a plight I've been!

Tinker, tailor, oh, what a sight I've seen!

And I'm hitting the trail in the morning,  
boys,

And you won't see my heels for dust;  
For it's "all day" with you  
When you answer the cue  
Of the Wan-der-lust.



The Wanderlust has got me . . . by the  
belly-aching fire,

By the fever and the freezing and the pain;  
By the darkness that just drowns you, by the  
wail of home desire,

I've tried to break the spell of it—in vain.  
Life might have been a feast for me, now there  
are only crumbs;

In rags and tatters, beggar-wise I sit;  
Yet there's no rest or peace for me, imperious it  
drums,

The Wanderlust, and I must follow it.

Highway, by-way, many a mile I've done;  
Rare way, fair way, many a height I've  
won;

But I'm pulling my freight in the morning,  
boys,

And it's over the hills or bust;  
For there's never a cure  
When you list to the lure  
Of the Wan-der-lust.

The Wanderlust has taught me . . . it has  
whispered to my heart  
Things all you stay-at-homes will never know.

The white man and the savage are but three  
short days apart,

Three days of cursing, crawling, doubt and  
woe.

Then it's down to chewing muelues, to the water  
you can *eat*,

To fish you bolt with nose held in your hand.

When you get right down to cases, it's King  
Grub that rules the races,

And the Wanderlust will help you understand.

Haunting, taunting, that is the spell of it;

Mocking, baulking, that is the hell of it;

But I'll shoulder my pack in the morning,  
boys,

And I'm going because I must;

For it's so-long to all

When you answer the call

Of the Wan-der-lust.

The Wanderlust has blest me . . . in a  
ragged blanket curled,

I've watched the gulf of Heaven foam with  
stars;

I've walked with eyes wide open to the wonder  
of the world,

I've seen God's flood of glory burst its bars.

I've seen the gold a-blinding in the rifles of the  
sky,  
Till I fancied me a bloated plutocrat;  
But I'm freedom's happy bond-slave, and I will  
be till I die,  
And I've got to thank the Wanderlust for that.

Wild heart, child heart, all of the world  
your home.  
Glad heart, mad heart, what can you do but  
roam?  
Oh, I'll beat it once more in the morning,  
boys,  
With a pinch of tea and a crust;  
For you cannot deny  
When you hark to the cry  
Of the Wan-der-lust.

The Wanderlust will claim me at the finish for  
its own.  
I'll turn my back on men and face the Pole.  
Beyond the Arctic outposts I will venture all  
alone;  
Some Never-never Land will be my goal.  
Thank God! there's none will miss me, for I've  
been a bird of flight;

'Beyond the Arctic outposts I will venture all  
alone;

Some Never-never Land will be my goal."

—*The Wanderlust.*







And in my moccasins I'll take my call;  
For the Wanderlust has ruled me,  
And the Wanderlust has schooled me,  
And I'm ready for the darkest trail of all.

Grim land, dim land, oh, how the vastness  
calls!

Far land, star land, oh, how the stillness  
falls!

For you never can tell if it's heaven or hell,  
And I'm taking the trail on trust;  
But I haven't a doubt  
That my soul will leap out  
On its Wan-der-lust.



## The Trapper's Christmas Eve

It's mighty lonesome-like and drear.  
 Above the Wild the moon rides high,  
 And shows up sharp and needle-clear  
 The emptiness of earth and sky;  
 No happy homes with love aglow;  
 No Santa Claus to make believe;  
 Just snow and snow, and then more snow;  
 It's Christmas Eve, it's Christmas Eve.

And here am I where all things end,  
 And Undesirables are hurled;  
 A poor old man without a friend,  
 Forgot and dead to all the world;  
 Clean out of sight and out of mind. . . .  
 Well, maybe it is better so;  
 We all in life our level find.  
 And mine, I guess, is pretty low.

The Trapper's Christmas Eve 129

Yet as I sit with pipe alight  
Beside the cabin-fire, it's queer  
This mind of mine must take to-night  
The backward trail of fifty year.  
The school-house and the Christmas tree;  
The children with their cheeks aglow;  
Two bright blue eyes that smile on me . . .  
Just half a century ago.

Again (it's maybe forty years),  
With faith and trust almost divine,  
These same blue eyes, abrim with tears,  
Through depths of love look into mine.  
A parting, tender, soft and low,  
With arms that cling and lips that cleave—  
Ah me! it's all so long ago,  
Yet seems so sweet this Christmas Eve.

Just thirty years ago again . . .  
We say a bitter, *last* good-bye;  
Our lips are white with wrath and pain;  
Our little children cling and cry.  
Whose was the fault? It matters not,  
For man and woman both deceive;  
It's buried now and all forgot,  
Forgiven, too, this Christmas Eve.

130      The Trapper's Christmas Eve

And she (God pity me) is dead;  
    Our children men and women grown.  
I like to think that they are wed,  
    With little children of their own,  
That crowd around their Christmas tree . . .  
    I would not ever have them grieve,  
Nor shed a single tear for me,  
    To mar their joy this Christmas Eve.

Stripped to the buff and gaunt and still  
    Lies all the land in grim distress.  
Like lost soul wailing, long and shrill,  
    A wolf-howl cleaves the emptiness.  
Then hushed as Death is everything,  
    The moon rides haggard and forlorn . . .  
"O hark the herald angels sing!"  
    God bless all men—it's Christmas morn.

## The World's All Right

*Be honest, kindly, simple, true;  
 Seek good in all, scorn but pretence;  
 Whatever sorrow come to you,  
 Believe in Life's Beneficence!*

The World's all right; serene I sit,  
 And cease to puzzle over it.  
 There's much that's mighty strange, no doubt;  
 But Nature knows what she's about;  
 And in a million years or so  
 We'll know more than to-day we know.  
 Old Evolution's under way—  
 What ho! the World's all right, I say.

Could things be other than they are?  
 All's in its place, from mote to star.  
 The thistledown that flits and flies  
 Could drift no hairsbreadth otherwise.  
 What is, must be; with rhythmic laws  
 All Nature chimes, Effect and Cause.  
 The sand-grain and the sun obey—  
 What ho! the World's all right, I say.

Just try to get the Cosmic touch,  
The sense that "you" don't matter much.  
A million stars are in the sky;  
A million planets plunge and die.  
A million million men are sped;  
A million million wait ahead.  
Each plays his part and has his day—  
What ho! the World's all right, I say.

Just try to get the Chemic view:  
A million million lives made "you."  
In lives a million you will be  
Immortal down Eternity;  
Immortal on this earth to range,  
With never death, but ever change.  
You always were, and will be aye—  
What ho! the World's all right, I say.

Be glad! And do not blindly grope  
For Truth that lies beyond our scope:  
A sober plot informeth all  
Of Life's uproarious carnival.  
Your day is such a little one,  
A gnat that lives from sun to sun;  
Yet gnat and you have parts to play—  
What ho! the World's all right, I say.

And though it's written from the start,  
Just act your best your little part.  
Just be as happy as you can,  
And serve your kind, and die—a man.  
Just live the good that in you lies,  
And seek no guerdon of the skies;  
Just make your Heaven here, to-day  
What ho! the World's all right, I say.

Remember! in Creation's swing  
The Race and not the man's the thing.  
There's battle, murder, sudden death,  
And pestilence, with poisoned breath.  
Yet quick forgotten are such woes;  
On, on the stream of Being flows.  
Truth, Beauty, Love maintain their sway—  
What ho! the World's all right, I say.

The World's all right; serene I sit,  
And joy that I am part of it;  
And put my trust in Nature's plan,  
And try to aid her all I can;  
Content to pass, if in my place  
I've served the uplift of the Race.  
Truth! Beauty! Love! O Radiant Day  
What ho! the World's all right, I say.

## The Baldness of Chewed-Ear

WHEN Chewed-ear Jenkins got hitched up to  
 Guinneyveer McGee,  
 His flowin' locks, ye recollect, wuz frivolous an'  
 free;  
 But in old Hymen's jack-pot, it's a most amazin'  
 thing,  
 Them flowin' locks jest disappeared like snow-  
 balls in the Spring;  
 Jest seemed to wilt an' fade away like dead  
 leaves in the Fall,  
 An' left old Chewed-ear balder than a white-  
 washed cannon ball.

Now Missis Chewed-ear Jenkins, that wuz Guin-  
 neyveer McGee,  
 Wuz jest about as fine a draw as ever made a  
 pair;  
 But when the boys got joshin' an' suggested it  
 was she  
 That must be infloenshul for the old man's  
 slump in hair  
 Why! Missis Chewed-ear Jenkins jest went  
 clean up in the air.

The Baldness of Chewed-Ear 135

"To demonstrate," sez she that night, "the  
lovin' wife I am,

I've bought a dozen bottles of Bink's Anty-Dan-  
druff Balm.

'Twill make yer hair jest sprout an' curl like  
squash-vines in the sun,

An' I propose to sling it on till every drop is  
done."

That hit old Chewed-ear's funny side, so he lays  
back an' hollers:

"The day you raise a hair, old girl, you'll git a  
thousand dollars."

Now, whether 'twas the prize or not 'tis mighty  
hard to say,

But Chewed-ear didn't seem to have much com-  
fort from that day.

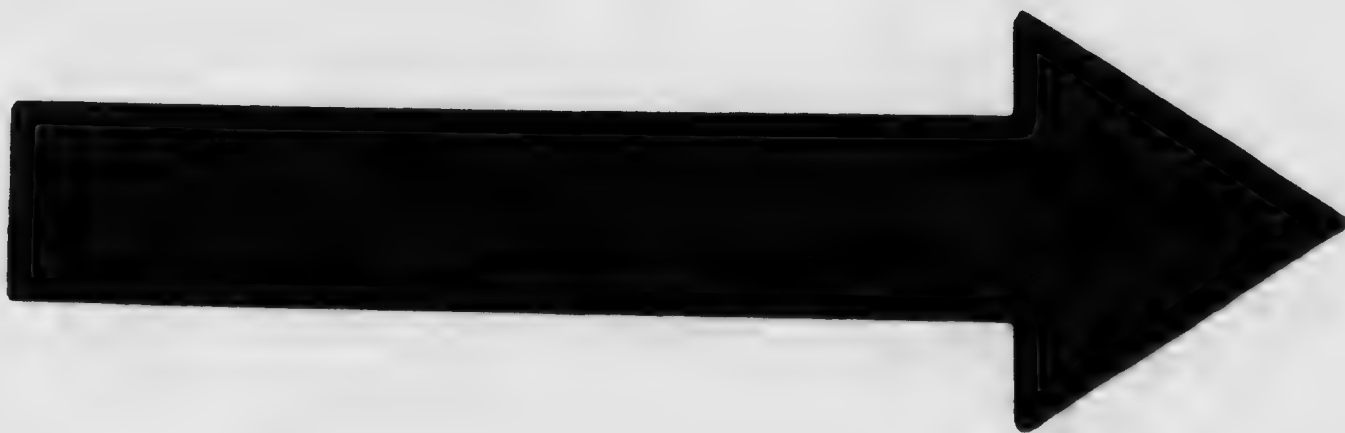
With bottles of that dandruff dope she followed  
at his heels,

An' sprinkled an' massaged him even when he  
ate his meals.

She waked him from his beauty sleep with ten-  
der, lovin' care,

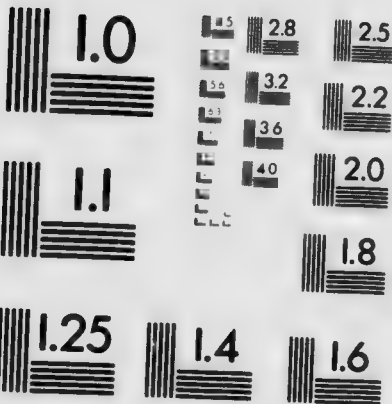
An' rubbed an' scrubbed assiduous, yet never  
sign of hair.





# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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136      The Baldness of Chewed-Ear

Well, naturally all the boys soon tumbled to the  
joke,

An' at the Wow-wow's Social 'twas Cold-deck  
Davis spoke:

"The little woman's workin' mighty hard on  
Chewed-ear's crown;

Let's give her for a three-fifth's share a hundred  
dollars down.

We stand to make five hundred clear—boys,  
drink in whiskey straight:

'The Chewed-ear Jenkins Hirsute Propagation  
Syndicate.' "

The boys wuz on, an' soon chipped in the neces-  
sary dust;

They primed up a committy to negotiate the  
deal;

Then Missis Jenkins yielded, bein' rather in dis-  
gust,

An' all wuz signed an' witnessed, an' invested  
with a seal.

They rounded up old Chewed-ear, an' they broke  
it what they'd done;

Allowed they'd bought an interest in his  
chance of raisin' hair;

The Baldness of Chewed-Ear 137

They yanked his hat off anxious-like, opinin' one  
by one,

Their magnifyin'-glasses showed fine pro-  
spects everywhere.

They bought Hairlene, an' Thatchem, an' Jay's  
Cappillery Juice,

An' Seven Something Sisters, an' Macassar  
an' Bay Rum,

An' everyone insisted on his speshul right to  
sluice

His speshul line of lotion onto Chewed-car's  
cranium.

They only got the merrier the more the old man  
roared,

An' shares in "Jenkins Hirsute" went sky-  
highin' on the board.

The Syndicate wuz hopeful that they'd demon-  
strate the pay,

An' Missis Jenkins labored in her perseverin'  
way.

The boys discussed on "surface rights," an'  
"out-crops," an' so on,

An' planned to have it "crown" surveyed, an'  
blueprints of it drawn.

138      The Baldness of Chewed-Ear

They ran a base line, shuiced an' yelled, an'  
everyone wuz glad,

Except the balance of the property, an' he wuz  
"mad."

"It gives me pain," he interjects, "to squash  
yer glowin' dream,

But you wuz fools when you got in on this here  
'Hirsute' scheme.

You'll never raise a hair on me"—when lo! that  
very night,

Preparin' to retire, he got a most onpleasant  
fright:

For on that shinin' dome of his, so prominently  
bare,

He felt the baby outcrop of a second growth of  
hair.

A thousand dollars! Sufferin' Cæsar! Well, it  
must be saved!

He grabbed his razor recklesslike, an' shaved an'  
shaved an' shaved.

An' when his head wuz smooth again he gives a  
mighty sigh,

An' sneaks away, an' buys some Hair Destroyer  
on the sly.

The Baldness of Chewed-Ear 139

So there wuz Missis Jenkins with "Restorer"  
wagin' fight,  
An' Chewed-ear with "Destroyer" circum-  
ventin' her at night.  
The battle wuz a mighty one; his nerves wuz on  
the strain,  
An' yet in spite of all he did that hair began to  
gain.

The situation grew intense, so quietly one day,  
He gave his shareholders the slip, an' made his  
get-away.  
Jest like a criminal he skipped, an' aimed to  
defalcate  
The Chewed-ear Jenkins Hirsute Propagation  
Syndicate.  
His guilty secret burned him, an' he sought the  
city's din:  
"I've got to get a wig," sez he, "to cover up my  
sin.  
It's growin', growin', night an' day; it's most  
amazin' hair;"  
An' when he looked at it that night, he shud-  
dered with despair.  
He shuddered an' suppressed a cry at what his  
optics seen—  
For on my word of honour, boys, that hair wuz  
growin' *green*.

140      The Baldness of Chewed-Ear

At first he guessed he'd get some dye, an' try to  
dye it black;

An' then he saw 'twas Nemmysis wuz layin' on  
his track.

He must jest face the music, an' confess the  
thing he'd done,

An' pay the boys an' Guinneyveer the money they  
had won.

An' then there came a big idee—it thrilled him  
like a shock:

Why not control the Syndicate by buyin' up the  
stock?

An' so next day he hurried back with smoothly  
shaven pate,

An' for a hundred dollars he bought up the Syn-  
dicate.

'Twas mighty frenzied finance an' the boys set  
up a roar,

But "Hirsutes" from the market wuz with-  
drawn for evermore.

An' to this day in Nuggetsville they tell the tale  
how slick

The Syndicate sold out too soon, and Chewed-  
ear turned the trick.

## The Mother

THERE will be a singing in your heart,  
There will be a rapture in your eyes;  
You will be a woman set apart,  
You will be so wonderful and wise.  
You will sleep, and when from dreams you start,  
As of one that wakes in Paradise,  
There will be a singing in your heart,  
There will be a rapture in your eyes.

There will be a moaning in your heart,  
There will be an anguish in your eyes;  
You will see your dearest ones depart,  
You will hear their quivering good-byes.  
Yours will be the heart-ache and the smart,  
Tears that scald and lonely sacrifice;  
There will be a moaning in your heart,  
There will be an anguish in your eyes.



There will come a glory in your eyes,

There will come a peace within your heart;  
Sitting 'neath the quiet evening skies,

Time will dry the tear and dull the smart.  
You will know that you have played your part;

Yours shall be the love that never dies:  
You, with Heaven's peace within your heart,  
You, with God's own glory in your eyes.

## The Dreamer

THE lone man gazed and gazed upon his gold,  
 His sweat, his blood, the wage of weary days;  
 But now how sweet, how doubly sweet to hold  
 All gay and gleamy to the camp-fire blaze.  
 The evening sky was sinister and cold;  
 The willows shivered, wanly lay the snow;  
 The uncommiserating land, so old,  
 So worn, so grey, so niggard in its woe,  
 Peered through its ragged shroud. The lone  
 man sighed,  
 Poured back the gaudy dust into its poke,  
 Gazed at the seething river listless-eyed,  
 Loaded his corn-cob pipe as if to smoke;  
 Then crushed with weariness and hardship  
 crept  
 Into his ragged robe, and swiftly slept.

. . . . .  
 Hour after hour went by; a shadow slipped  
 From vasts of shadow to the camp-fire flame;  
 Gripping a rifle with a deadly aim,  
 A gaunt and hairy man with wolfish eyes. . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

The sleeper dreamed, and lo! this was his dream:

He rode a streaming horse across a moor,  
 Sudden 'mid pit-black night a lightning gleam  
 Showed him a wayside inn, forlorn and poor.  
 A sullen host unbarred the creaking door,  
 And led him to a dim and dreary room,  
 Wherein he sat and poked the fire a-roar,  
 So that weird shadows jigged athwart the  
 gloom.

He ordered wine. 'Od's blood! but he was tired.  
 What matter! Charles was crushed and  
 George was King;

His party high in power; how he aspired!

Red guineas packed his purse, too tight to  
 ring.

The firelight gleamed upon his silken hose,  
 His silver buckles and his powdered wig.

What ho! more wine! He drank, he slowly rose.

What made the shadows dance that madcap  
 jig?

He clutched the candle, steered his way to bed,  
 And in a trice was sleeping like the dead.

Across the room there crept, so shadow soft,

His sullen host, with naked knife agleam,  
 (A gaunt and hairy man with wolfish eyes.) . . .

And as he lay, the sleeper dreamed a dream:

\* \* \* \* \*

'Twas in a ruder land, a wilder day.

A rival princeling sat upon his throne,  
Within a dungeon dark and foul he lay,

With chains that bit and festered to the bone.  
They haled him harshly to a vaulted room,

Where One gazed on him with malignant eye;  
And in that devil-face he read his doom,

Knowing that ere the dawn-light he must die.  
Well, he was sorrow-glutted; let them bring

Their prize assassins to the bloody work.  
His kingdom lost, yet would he die a King,

Peerless and proud, as when he faced the  
Turk.

Ah, God! the glory of that great Crusade!

The bannered pomp, the gleam, the splendid  
urge!

The crash of reeking combat, blade to blade!

The reeling ranks, blood-avid and a-surge!  
For long he thought; then feeling o'er him creep  
Vast weariness, he fell into a sleep.

. . . . .

The cell door opened; soft the headsman came,

Within his hand a mighty axe agleam,

(A gaunt and hairy man with wolfish eyes.) . . .

And as he lay, the sleeper dreamed a dream:

\* \* \* \* \*

'Twas in a land unkempt, of life's red dawn,  
 Where in his sanded cave he dwelt alone;  
 Sleeping by day, or sometimes worked upon  
 His flint-head arrows and his knives of stone;  
 By night stole forth and slew the savage boar,  
 So that he loomed a hunter of loud fame,  
 And many a skin of wolf and wild-cat wore,  
 And counted many a flint-head to his name  
 Wherefore he walked the envy of the band,  
 Hated and feared, but matchless in his skill.  
 Till lo! one night deep in that shaggy land,  
 He tracked a yearling bear and made his kill;  
 Then over-worn he rested by a stream,  
 And sank into a sleep too deep for dream.

Hunting his food a rival caveman crept  
 Through those dark woods, and marked him  
 where he lay;  
 Cowered and crawled upon him as he slept,  
 Poising a mighty stone aloft to slay—  
 (A gaunt and hairy man with wolfish eyes.) . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

The great stone crashed. The Dreamer shrieked  
 and woke,  
 And saw, fear-blinded, in his dripping cell,

A gaunt and hairy man, who with one stroke  
Swung a great axe of steel that flashed and  
fell. . . .

So that he woke amid his bed-room gloom,  
And saw, hair-poised, a naked, thirsting knife,  
A gaunt and hairy man with eyes of doom  
And then the blade plunged down to drink his  
life. . . .

So that he woke, wrenched back his robe, and  
looked,  
And saw beside his dying fire upstart  
A gaunt and hairy man with finger crooked—  
A rifle rang, a bullet searched his heart. . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

The morning sky was sinister and cold!  
Grotesque the Dreamer sprawled, and did not  
rise.  
For long and long there gazed upon some gold  
*A gaunt and hairy man with wolfish eyes.*

## At Thirty-Five

THREE score and ten, the Psalmist saith,  
 And half my course is well nigh run;  
 I've had my flout at dusty death.  
 I've had my whack of feast and fun.  
 I've mocked at those who prate and preach;  
 I've laughed with any man alive;  
 But now with sobered heart I reach  
 The Great Divide of Thirty-five.

And looking back I must confess  
 I've little cause to feel elate.  
 I've played the mummer more or less;  
 I fumbled fortune, flouted fate.  
 I've vastly dreamed and little done;  
 I've idly watched my brothers strive;  
 Oh, I have loitered in the sun  
 By primrose paths to Thirty-five!

And those who matched me in the race,  
Well, some are out and trampled down;  
The others jog with sober pace;  
Yet one wins delicate renown.  
O midnight feast and famished dawn!  
O gay, hard life, with hope alive!  
O golden youth, forever gone,  
How sweet you seem at Thirty-five!

Each of our lives is just a book  
As absolute as Holy Writ;  
We humbly read, and may not look  
Ahead, nor change one word of it.  
And here are joys and here are pains;  
And here we fail and here we thrive;  
O wondrous volume! What remains  
When we reach chapter Thirty-five?

The very best, I dare to hope,  
Ere Fate writes Finis to the tome;  
A wiser head, a wider scope,  
And for the gipsy heart, a home;  
A songful home, with loved ones near,  
With joy, with sunshine all alive;  
Watch me grow younger every year—  
Old Age! thy name is Thirty-five!



## The Squaw-Man

THE cow-moose comes to water, and the beaver's  
overbold,

The net is in the eddy of the stream;  
The tepee stars the vivid sward with russet, red  
and gold,

And in the velvet gloom the fire's agleam.  
The night is ripe with quiet, rich with incense  
of the pine;

From sanctuary lake I hear the loon;  
The peaks are bright against the blue, and  
drenched with sunset wine,  
And like a silver bubble is the moon.

Cloud-high I climbed but yesterday; a hundred  
miles around

I looked to see a rival fire agleam.  
As in a crystal lens it lay, a land without a  
bound,

All lure, and virgin vastitude, and dream.

"The meadows of the must-ox, where the laughing grasses grow."

—*The Square-Men.*

The members of the masked, where the laugh  
the classes grow.  
—The School of





The great sky roared exultantly, the great earth  
bared its breast,  
All river-veined and patterned with the pine;  
The heedless hordes of caribou were streaming  
to the West,  
A land of lustrous mystery—and mine.

Yea, mine to frame my Odyssey: Oh, little do  
they know  
My conquest and the kingdom that I keep!  
The meadows of the musk-ox where the laugh-  
ing grasses grow,  
The rivers where the careless conies leap.  
Beyond the silent Circle, where white men are  
fierce and few,  
I lord it, and I mock at man-made law;  
Like a flame upon the water is my little light  
canoe,  
And yonder in the fireglow is my squaw.

A squaw-man! yes that's what I am; sneer at  
me if you will.  
I've gone the grilling pace that cannot last;  
With bawdry, bridge and brandy—Oh, I've  
drunk enough to kill  
A dozen such as you, but that is past.

I've swung round to my senses, found the place  
where I belong;

The City made a madman out of me;  
But here beyond the Circle, where there's neither  
right or wrong,

I leap from life's straight-jacket, and I'm free.

Yet ever in the far forlorn, by trails of lone  
desire;

Yet ever in the dawn's white leer of hate;  
Yet ever by the dripping kill, beside the drowsy  
fire,

There comes the fierce heart-hunger for a  
mate.

There comes the mad blood-clamour for a  
woman's clinging hand,

Love-humid eyes, the velvet of a breast:  
And so I sought the Bonnet-plumes, and chose  
from out the band

The girl I thought the sweetest and the best.

O wistful women I have loved before my dark  
disgrace!

O women fair and rare in my home land!

"All river-veined and patterned with the pine."

—*The Squaw-Man.*



THE HISTORY OF THE  
CITY OF BOSTON





Dear ladies, if I saw you now I'd turn away my  
face,

Then crawl to kiss your foot-prints in the  
sand!

And yet—that day the rifle jammed—a wounded  
moose at bay—

A roar, a charge . . . I faced it with my  
knife:

A shot from out the willow-scrub, and there the  
monster lay . . .

Yes, little Laughing Eyes, you saved my life.

The man must have the woman, and we're all  
brutes more or less,

Since first the male ape shinned the family  
tree;

And yet I think I love her with a husband's ten-  
derness,

And yet I know that she would die for me.

Oh, if I left you, Laughing Eyes, and nevermore  
came back,

God help you, girl! I know what you would  
do . . .

I see the lake wan in the moon, and from the  
shadow black

There drifts a little *empty* birch canoe.

We're here beyond the Circle, where there's never  
wrong nor right;

We aren't spliced according to the law;  
But by the gods I hail you on this hushed and  
holy night

As the mother of my children, and my squaw.  
I see your little slender face set in the firelight  
glow;

I pray that I may never make it sad;  
I hear you croon a baby song, all slumber-soft  
and low—

God bless you, little Laughing Eyes! I'm glad.

## Home and Love

JUST Home and Love! the words are small,  
Four little letters unto each;  
And yet you will not find in all  
The wide and gracious range of speech  
Two more so tenderly complete:  
When angels talk in Heaven above,  
I'm sure they have no words more sweet  
Than Home and Love.

Just Home and Love! it's hard to guess  
Which of the two were best to gain;  
Home without Love is bitterness;  
Love without Home is often pain.  
No! each alone will seldom do;  
Somehow they travel hand and glove:  
If you win one you must have two,  
Both Home and Love.

And if you've both, well, then I'm sure  
You ought to sing the whole day long;  
It doesn't matter if you're poor  
With these to make divine your song.  
And so I praisefully repeat,  
When angels talk in Heaven above,  
There are no words more simply sweet  
Than Home and Love.

"My rivers that flash into foam."

*—I'm Scared of It All.*



THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN





## I'm Scared of It All

I'M scared of it all, God's truth! so I am;  
It's too big and brutal for me.  
My nerve's on the raw and I don't give a damn  
For all the "hoorah" that I see.  
I'm pinned between subway and overhead train,  
Where automobillicies swoop down:  
Oh, I want to go back to the timber again—  
I'm scared of the terrible town.

I want to go back to my lean, ashen plains;  
My rivers that flash into foam;  
My ultimate valleys where solitude reigns;  
My trail from Fort Churchill to Nome.  
My forests packed full of mysterious gloom,  
My ice-fields agrind and aglare:  
The city is deadfalled with danger and doom—  
I know that I'm safer up there.

I watch the wan faces that flash in the street;  
All kinds and all classes I see.  
Yet never a one in the million I meet  
Has the smile of a comrade for me.  
Just jaded and panting like dogs in a pack;  
Just tensed and intent on the goal:  
O God! but I'm lonesome—I wish I was back,  
Up there in the land of the Pole.

I wish I was back on the Hunger Plateaus,  
And seeking the lost caribou;  
I wish I was up where the Coppermine flows  
To the kick of my little canoe.  
I'd like to be far on some weariful shore,  
In the Land of the Blizzard and Bear;  
Oh, I wish I was snug in the Arctic once more,  
For I know I am safer up there!

I prowl in the canyons of dismal unrest;  
I cringe—I'm so weak and so small.  
I can't get my bearings, I'm crushed and  
oppressed  
With the haste and the waste of it all.

The slaves and the madmen, the lust and the  
 sweat,  
 The fear in the faces I see;  
 The getting, the spending, the fever, the fret—  
 It's too bleeding cruel for me.

I feel it's all wrong, but I can't tell you why—  
 The palace, the hovel next door;  
 The insolent towers that sprawl to the sky,  
 The crush and the rush and the roar.  
 I'm trapped like a fox and I fear for my pelt;  
 I cower in the crash and the glare;  
 Oh, I want to be back in the avalanche belt,  
 For I know that it's safer up there!

I'm scared of it all. Oh, afar I can hear  
 The voice of my solitudes call!  
 We're nothing but brute with a little veneer,  
 And nature is best after all.  
 There's tumult and terror abroad in the street;  
 There's menace and doom in the air;  
 I've got to get back to my thousand-mile beat;  
 The trail where the cougar and silver-tip meet;  
 The snows and the camp-fire, with wolves at my  
 feet;  
 Good-bye, for it's safer up there.

*To be forming good habits up there;  
To be starving on rabbits up there;  
In your hunger and woe,  
Though it's sirty below,  
Oh, I know that it's safer up there!*

## A Song of Success

Ho! we were strong, we were swift, we were  
brave.

Youth was a challenge, and Life was a fight.  
All that was best in us gladly we gave,

Sprang from the rally, and leapt for the height.  
Smiling is Love in a foam of Spring flowers:

Harden our hearts to him—on let us press!  
Oh, what a triumph and pride shall be ours!

See where it beacons, the star of success!

Cares seem to crowd on us—so much to do;

New fields to conquer, and time's on the wing.  
Grey hairs are showing, a wrinkle or two;

Somehow our footstep is losing its spring.  
Pleasure's forsaken us, Love ceased to smile;

Youth has been funeralled; Age travels fast.  
Sometimes we wonder: Is it worth while?

There! we have gained to the summit at last.



Aye, we have triumphed! Now must we haste,  
Revel in victory . . . why! what is wrong?  
Life's choicest vintage is flat to the taste  
Are we too late? Have we laboured too long?  
Wealth, power, fame we hold . . . ah! but  
the truth:  
Would we not give this vain glory of ours  
For one mad, glad year of glorious youth,  
Life in the Springtide, and Love in the flowers?

## The Song of the Camp-Fire

### I.

HEED me, feed me, I am hungry, I am red-  
tongued with desire;

Boughs of balsam, slabs of cedar, gummy fag-  
gots of the pine,

Heap them on me, let me hug them to my eager  
heart of fire,

Roaring, soaring up to heaven as a symbol and  
a sign.

Bring me knots of sunny maple, silver birch and  
tamarack;

Leaping, sweeping, I will lap them with my  
ardent wings of flame;

I will kindle them to glory, I will beat the dark-  
ness back;

Streaming, gleaming, I will goad them to my  
glory and my fame.

Bring me gnarly limbs of live-oak, aid me in my  
frenzied fight;

Strips of iron-wood, scaly blue-gum, writhing  
redly in my hold;

164      The Song of the Camp-fire

With my lunge of lurid lances, with my whips  
that flail the night,

They will burgeon into beauty, they will foli-  
ate in gold.

Let me star the dim sierras, stab with light the  
inland seas;

Roaming wind and roaring darkness! seek  
no mercy at my hands;

I will mock the marly heavens, lamp the purple  
prairies,

I will flaunt my deathless banners down the  
far, unhouseled lands.

In the vast and vaulted pine-gloom where the  
pillared forests frown,

By the sullen, brutish rivers running where  
God only knows,

On the starlit coral beaches when the combers  
thunder down,

In the death-spell of the barrens, in the shud-  
der of the snows;

In a blazing belt of triumph from the palm-leaf  
to the pine,

As a symbol of defiance, lo! the wilderness I  
span;

And my beacons burnt exultant as an everlast-  
ing sign

Of unending domination, of the mastery of  
Man;

The Song of the Camp-fire 165

I, the Life, the fierce Uplifter, I that weaned him  
from the mire;

I, the angel and the devil; I, the tyrant and  
the slave;

I, the Spirit of the Struggle; I, the mighty God  
of Fire;

I, the Maker and Destroyer; I, the Giver and  
the Grave.

II.

Gather round me, boy and grey-beard, frontiers-  
men of every kind.

Few are you, and far and lonely, yet an army  
forms behind:

By your camp-fires shall they know you, ashes  
scattered to the wind.

Peer into my heart of solace, break your ban-  
nock at my blaze;

Smoking, stretched in lazy shelter, build your  
castles as you gaze;

Or, it may be, deep in dreaming, think of dim,  
unhappy days.

166      The Song of the Camp-fire

Let my warmth and glow caress you, for your  
trails are grim and hard;  
Let my arms of comfort press you, hunger-hewn  
and battle-scarred:  
O my lovers! how I bless you with your lives so  
madly marred!

For you seek the silent spaces, and their secret  
lore you glean;  
For you win the savage races, and the brutish  
Wild you wean;  
And I gladden desert places, where camp-fire has  
never been.

From the Pole unto the Tropics is there trail  
ye have not dared?  
And because you hold death lightly, so by death  
shall you be spared,  
(As the sages of the ages in their pages have  
declared.)

On the roaring Arkilini in a leaky bark canoe;  
Up the cloud of Mount McKinley, where the  
avalanche leaps through;  
In the furnace of Death Valley, when the mirage  
glimmers blue.

The Song of the Camp-fire 167

Now a smudge of wiry willows on the weary  
Kuskoquim;  
Now a flare of gummy pine-knots where Van-  
couver's seaur is grim;  
Now a gleam of sunny ceiba, when the Cuban  
beaches dim.

Always, always God's Great Open: lo! I burn  
with keener light  
In the corridors of silence, in the vestibules of  
night;  
'Mid the ferns and grasses gleaming, was there  
ever gem so bright?

Not for weaklings, not for women like my  
brother of the hearth;  
Ring your songs of wrath around me, I was  
made for manful mirth,  
In the lusty, gusty greatness, on the bald spots  
of the earth.

Men, my masters! Men, my lovers! ye have  
fought and ye have bled;  
Gather round my ruddy embers, softly glowing  
is my bed;  
By my heart of solace dreaming, rest ye and be  
comforted!

III.

I am dying, O my masters! by my faithful flame ye  
sleep;

My purple plumes of glory droop forlorn.  
Grey ashes choke and cloak me, and above the  
pines there creep

The stealthy silver moccasins of morn.  
There comes a countless army, it's the Legion of  
the Light;

It tramps in gleaming triumph round the  
world;

And before its jewelled lances all the shadows  
of the night

Back in to abysmal darknesses are hurled.

Leap to life again, my lovers! ye must toil and  
never tire;

The day of daring, doing, brightens clear,  
When the bed of spicy cedar and the jovial camp-  
fire

Must only be a memory of cheer.

There is hope and golden promise in the vast,  
portentous dawn;

There is glamour in the glad, effluent sky:  
Go and leave me; I will dream of you and love  
you when you're gone;

I have served you, O my masters! let me die.

The Song of the Camp-Fire 169

A little heap of ashes, grey and sodden by the  
rain,

Wind-scattered, blurred and blotted by the  
snow:

Let that be all to tell of me, and glorious again,

Ye things of greening gladness, leap and glow!

A black scar in the sunshine by the palm-leaf  
or the pine,

Blind to the night and dead to all desire;

Yet oh, of life and uplift what a symbol and a  
sign!

Yet oh, of power and conquest what a destiny is  
mine!

A little heap of ashes—Yea! a miracle divine,

The foot-print of a god, all-radiant Fire.



## Her Letter

“ I’m taking pen in hand this night, and hard it  
is for me ;

My poor old fingers tremble so, my hand is  
stiff and slow,

And even with my glasses on I’m troubled sore  
to see . . .

You’d little know your mother, boy ; you’d  
little, little know.

You mind how brisk and bright I was, how  
straight and trim and smart ;

’Tis weariful I am the now, and bent and  
frail and grey.

I’m waiting at the road’s end, lad ; and all  
that’s in my heart,

Is just to see my boy again before I’m called  
away.

"Oh, well I mind the sorry day you crossed the  
gurly sea;

'Twas like the heart was torn from me, a  
waeful wife was I.

You said that you'd be home again in two  
years, maybe three;

But nigh a score of years have gone, and  
still the years go by.

I know it's cruel hard for you, you've bairnies  
of your own;

I know the siller's hard to win, and folks  
have used you ill:

But oh, think of your mother, lad, that's wait-  
ing by her lone!

And even if you canna come—*just write and  
say you will.*

"Aye, even though there's little hope, just pro-  
mise that you'll try.

It's weary, weary waiting, lad; just say  
you'll come next year.

I'm thinking there will be no 'next'; I'm  
thinking soon I'll lie

With all the ones I've laid away . . .  
but oh, the hope will cheer!

You know you're all that's left to me, and we  
are seas apart;

But if you'll only *say* you'll come, then will  
I hope and pray.

I'm waiting by the grave-side, lad; and all  
that's in my heart

Is just to see my boy again before I'm called  
away."

## The Man Who Knew

THE Dreamer visioned Life as it might be,  
And from his dream forthright a picture grew,  
A painting all the people thronged to see,  
And joyed therein—till came the Man Who  
Knew,  
Saying: "'Tis bad! Why do ye gape, ye fools?  
He painteth not according to the schools."

The Dreamer probed Life's mystery of woe,  
And in a book he sought to give the clue;  
The people read, and saw that it was so,  
And read again—then came the Man Who  
Knew,  
Saying: "Ye witless ones! this book is vile:  
It hath not got the rudiments of style."

Love smote the Dreamer's lips, and silver-clear  
He sang a song so sweet, so tender true,  
That all the market-place was thrilled to hear,  
And listened rapt—till came the Man Who  
Knew,  
Saying: "His technique's wrong; he singeth ill.  
Waste not your time." The singer's voice was  
still.

And then the people roused as if from sleep,  
Crying: "What care we if it be not Art!  
Hath he not charmed us, made us laugh and  
weep?  
Come, let us crown him where he sits apart."  
Then, with his picture spurned, his book unread,  
His song unsung, they found their Dreamer—  
*dead.*

## The Logger

IN the moonless, misty night, with my little pipe  
alight,

I am sitting by the camp-fire's fading cheer;  
Oh, the dew is falling chill on the dim, deer-  
haunted hill,

And the breakers in the bay are moaning  
drear.

The toilful hours are sped, the boys are long  
abed,

And I alone a weary vigil keep;  
In the sightless, sullen sky I can hear the night-  
hawk cry,

And the frogs in frenzied chorus from the  
creek.

And somehow the ember's glow brings me back  
the long ago,

The days of merry laughter and light song;  
When I sped the hours away with the gayest of  
the gay

In the giddy whirl of fashion's festal throng.

Oh, I ran a grilling race and I little recked the  
pace,

For the lust of youth ran riot in my blood;  
But at last I made a stand in this God-forsaken  
land

Of the pine-tree and the mountain and the  
flood.

And now I've got to stay, with an overdraft to  
pay

For pleasure in the past with future pain;  
And I'm not the chap to whine, for if the chance  
were mine

I know I'd choose the old life once again.  
With its woman's eyes ashine, and its flood of  
golden wine;

Its fever and its frolic and its fun;  
The old life with its din, its laughter and its  
sin—

And chuck me in the gutter when it's done.

Ah, well! it's past and gone, and the memory is  
wan,

That conjures up each old familiar face;

And here by fortune huddled, I am dead to all the  
world,

And I've learned to lose my pride and keep  
my place.

My ways are hard and rough, and my arms are  
strong and tough,

And I hew the dizzy pine till darkness falls;  
And sometimes I take a dive, just to keep my  
heart alive,

Among the gay saloons and dancing-halls.

In the distant, dinned town just a little drink, to  
drown

The cares that crowd and canker in my brain;  
Just a little joy to still set my pulses all athrill,  
Then back to brutish labour once again.

And things will go on so until one day I shall  
know

That Death has got me cinched beyond a  
doubt;

Then I'll crawl away from sight, and morosely  
in the night

My weary, wasted life will peter out.

Then the boys will gather round, and they'll  
launch me in the ground,

And pile on stones the timber wolf to foil;



And the moaning pine will wave overhead a  
nameless grave,

Where the blacksnake in the sunshine loves  
to coil.

And they'll leave me there alone, and perhaps  
with softened tone

Speak of me sometimes in the camp-fire's  
glow,

As a played-out, broken chum, who has gone to  
Kingdom Come,

And who went the pace in England long ago.

## The Passing of the Year

My glass is filled, my pipe is lit,  
My den is all a cosy glow;  
And snug before the fire I sit,  
And wait to *feel* the old year go.  
I dedicate to solemn thought  
Amid my too-unthinking days,  
This sober moment, sadly fraught  
With much of blame, with little praise.

Old Year! upon the Stage of Time  
You stand to bow your last adieu;  
A moment, and the prompter's chime  
Will ring the curtain down on you.  
Your mien is sad, your step is slow;  
You falter as a Sage in pain;  
Yet turn, Old Year, before you go,  
And face your audience again.

That sphynx-like face, remote, austere,  
Let us all read, whate'er the cost:  
O Maiden! why that bitter tear?  
Is it for dear one you have lost?  
Is it for fond illusion gone?  
For trusted lover proved untrue?  
O sweet girl-face, so sad, so wan,  
What hath the Old Year meant to you?

And you, O neighbour on my right,  
So sleek, so prosperously clad!  
What see you in that aged wight  
That makes your smile so gay and glad?  
What opportunity unmissed?  
What golden gain, what pride of place?  
What splendid hope? O Optimist!  
What read you in that withered face?

And you, deep shrinking in the gloom,  
What find you in that filmy gaze?  
What menace of a tragic doom?  
What dark, condemning yesterdays?  
What urge to crime, what evil done?  
What cold, confronting shape of fear?  
O haggard, haunted, hidden One,  
What see you in the dying year?

And so from face to face I flit,  
 The countless eyes that stare and stare;  
 Some are with approbation lit,  
 And some are shadowed with despair.  
 Some show a smile and some a frown;  
 Some joy and hope, some pain and woe:  
 Enough! Oh, ring that curtain down!  
 Old weary year! it's time to go.

My pipe is out, my glass is dry;  
 My fire is almost ashes too;  
 But once again, before you go,  
 And I prepare to meet the New:  
 Old Year! a parting word that's true,  
 For we've been comrades, you and I—  
*I thank God for each day of you;*  
 There! bless you now! Old Year, good-bye!

## The Ghosts

SMITH, great writer of stories, drank; found it  
immortalized his pen;  
Fused in his brain-pan, else a blank, heavens of  
glory now and then;  
Gave him the magical genius touch; God-given  
power to gouge out, fling  
Flat in your face a soul-thought—Bing! Twiddle  
your heart-strings in his clutch.  
“Bah!” said Smith, “let my body lie stripped  
to the buff in swinish shame,  
If I can blaze in the radiant sky out of adoring  
stars my name.  
Sober am I nonentitized; drunk am I more than  
half a god.  
Well, let the flesh be sacrificed; spirit shall  
speak and shame the clod.  
Who would not gladly, gladly give Life to do  
one thing that will live?”

Smith had a friend, we'll call him Brown;  
dearer than brothers were those two.  
When in the wassail Smith would drown, Brown  
would rescue and pull him through.  
When Brown was needful Smith would lend; so  
it fell as the years went by,  
Each on the other would depend: then at the  
last Smith came to die.

There Brown sat in the sick man's room, still  
as a stone in his despair;  
Smith bent on him his eyes of doom, shook back  
his lion mane of hair;  
Said: "Is there one in my chosen line, writer of  
forthright tales, my peer?  
Look in that little desk of mine; there is a pack-  
age, bring it here.  
Story of stories, gem of all; essence and triumph,  
key and clue;  
Tale of a loving woman's fall; soul swept hell-  
ward, and God! it's true.  
I was the man—Oh, yes, I've paid, paid with  
mighty and mordant pain.  
Look! here's the masterpiece I've made out of  
my sin, my manhood slain.

Art supreme! yet the world would stare, know  
my mistress and blaze my shame.  
I have a wife and daughter—there! take it and  
thrust it in the flame.”

Brown answered: “Master, you have dipped pen  
in your heart, your phrases sear.  
Ruthless, unflinching, you have stripped naked  
your soul and set it here.  
Have I not loved you well and true? See!  
between us the shadows drift;  
This bit of blood and tears means You—oh, let  
me have it, a parting gift.  
Sacred I’ll hold it, a trust divine; sacred your  
honour, her dark despair;  
Never shall it see printed line: here, by the liv-  
ing God I swear.”  
Brown on a Bible laid his hand; Smith, great  
writer of stories, sighed:  
“Comrade, I trust you, and understand. Keep  
my secret!” And so he died.

Smith was buried—upsoared his sales; lured  
you his books in every store;  
Exquisite, whimsy, heart-wrung tales; men  
devoured them and craved for more.

So when it slyly got about Brown had a post-  
humous manuscript,  
Jones, the publisher, sought him out, into his  
pocket deep he dipped.  
“A thousand dollars?” Brown shook his head.  
“The story is not for sale,” he said.

Jones went away, then others came. Tempted  
and taunted, Brown was true.  
Guarded at friendship's shrine, the fame of the  
unpublished story grew and grew.  
It's a long, long lane that has no end, but some  
lanes end in the Potter's field;  
Smith to Brown had been more than friend:  
patron, protector, spur and shield.  
Poor, loving-wistful, dreamy Brown, long and  
lean, with a smile askew,  
Friendless he wandered up and down, gaunt as  
a wolf, as hungry, too.  
Brown with his lilt of saucy rhyme, Brown with  
his tilt of tender mirth,  
Garretless in the gloom and grime, singing his  
glad, mad songs of earth:  
So at last with a faith divine, down and down  
to the Hunger-line.



There as he stood in a woeful plight, tears  
a-freeze on his sharp cheek-bones,  
Who should chance to behold his plight but the  
publisher, the plethoric Jones;  
Peered at him for a little while, held out a bill:  
"Now, will you sell?"  
Brown scanned it with his twisted smile: "A  
thousand dollars! you go to hell!"

Brown enrolled in the homeless host, sleeping  
anywhere, anywhen;  
Suffered, strove, became a ghost, slave of the  
lamp for other men;  
For What's-his-name and So-and-so in the abyss  
his soul he stripped,  
Yet in his want, his worst of woe, held he fast  
to the manuscript.  
Then one day as he chewed his pen, half in hun-  
ger and half despair,  
Creaked the door of his garret den; Dick, his  
brother, was standing there.  
Down on the pallet bed he sank, ashen his face,  
his voice a wail:  
"Save me, brother! I've robbed the bank;  
to-morrow it's ruin, capture, gaol.

Yet there's a chance: I could to-day pay back  
the money, save our name;  
You have a manuscript, they say, worth a thousand—think, man! the shame . . . .”  
Brown with his heart pain-pierced the while,  
with his stern, starved face, and his lips  
stone-pale,  
Shuddered and smiled his twisted smile:  
“Brother, I guess you go to gaol.”

While poor Brown in the leer of dawn wrestled  
with God for the sacred fire,  
Came there a woman weak and wan, out of the  
mob, the murk, the mire;  
Frail as a reed, a fellow ghost, weary with woe,  
with sorrowing;  
Two pale souls in the legion lost; lo! Love bent  
with a tender wing,  
Taught them a joy so deep, so true, it seemed  
that the whole world-fabric shook,  
Thrilled and dissolved in radiant dew: then  
Brown made him a golden book,  
Full of the faith that Life is good, that the earth  
is a dream divinely fair,  
Lauding his gem of womanhood, in many a lyric  
rich and rare;  
Took it to Jones, who shook his head: “I will  
consider it,” he said.

While he considered, Brown's wife lay clutched  
in the tentacles of pain;  
Then came the doctor, grave and gray; spoke of  
decline, of nervous strain;  
Hinted Egypt, the South of France—Brown  
with terror was tiger-gripped.  
Where was the money? What the chance? Piti-  
ful God! . . . the manuscript!  
A thousand dollars—his only hope! He gazed  
and gazed at the garret wall . . .  
Reached at last for the envelope, turned to his  
wife and told her all.  
Told of his friend, his promise true; told like his  
very heart would break;  
"Oh, my dearest! what shall I do? Shall I not  
sell it for your sake?"  
Ghostlike she lay, as still as doom; turned to  
the wall her weary head;  
Icy-cold in the pallid gloom, silent as death  
. . . at last she said:  
"Do, my husband! Keep your vow! Guard his  
secret and let me die . . .  
Oh, my dear, I must tell you now—*the woman  
he loved and wronged was I*;  
Darling! I haven't long to live: I never told  
you—forgive, forgive!"

For a long, long time Brown did not speak; sat  
bleak-browed in the wretched room;  
Slowly a tear stole down his cheek, and he kissed  
her hand in the dismal gloom.  
To break his oath, to brand her shame; his well-  
loved friend, his worshipped wife;  
To keep his vow, to save her name, yet at the  
cost of what? Her life!  
A moment's space did he hesitate, a moment of  
pain and dread and doubt,  
Then he broke the seals and, stern as fate, un-  
folded the sheets and spread them out . . .  
On his knees by her side he limply sank, peering  
amazed—*each page was blank.*

(For oh, the supremest of our art are the stories  
we do not dare to tell,  
Locked in the silence of the heart, for the awful  
records of Heav'n and Hell.)

Yet those two in the silence there seemed less  
weariful than before.  
Hark! a step on the garret stair, a postman  
knocks at the flimsy door.  
“Registered letter!” Brown thrills with fear;  
opens and reads, then bends above:  
“Glorious tidings! Egypt, dear! The book is  
accepted—life and love!”

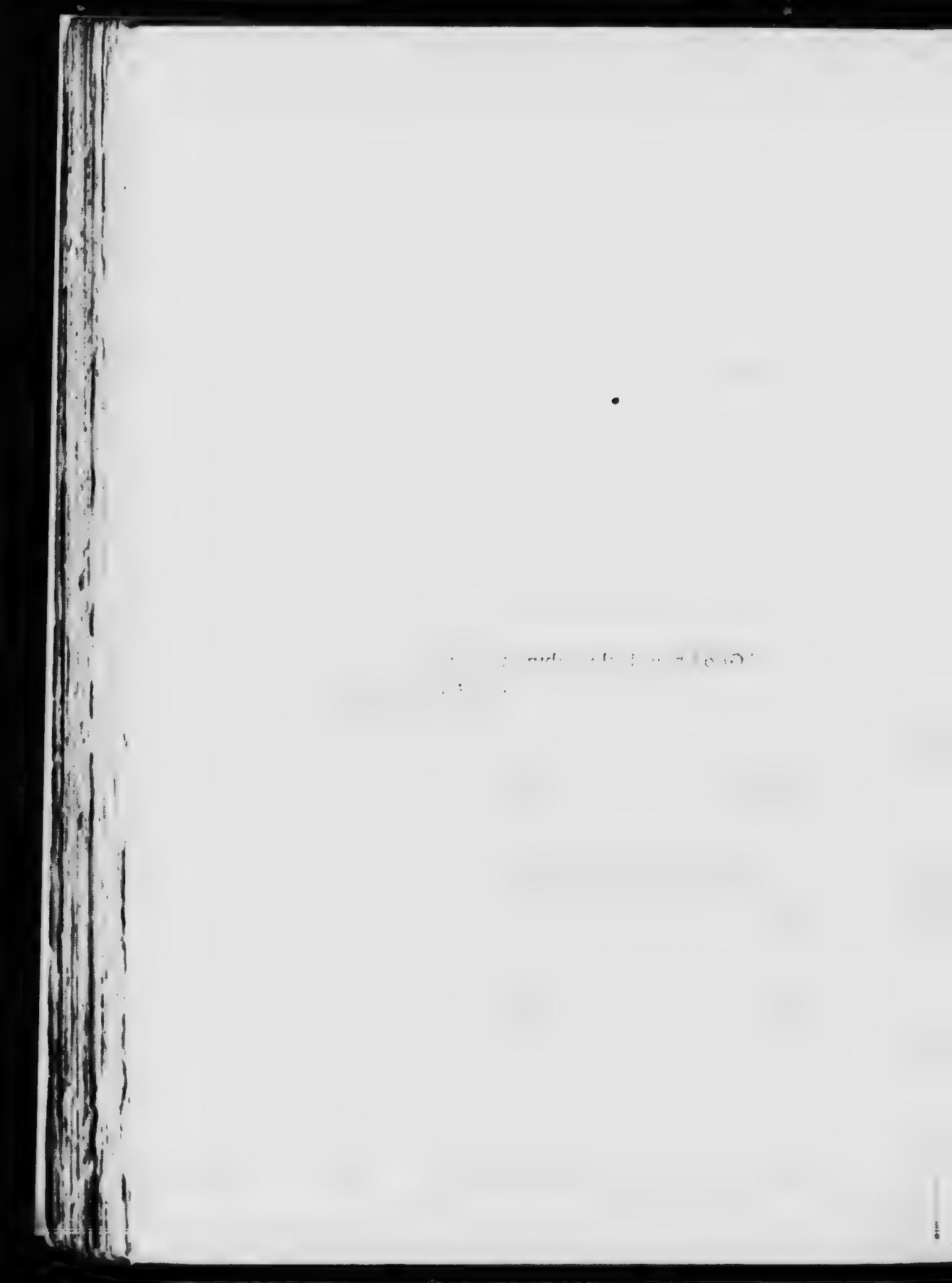
## Good-bye, Little Cabin

O DEAR little cabin, I've loved you so long,  
And now I must bid you good-bye!  
I've filled you with laughter, I've thrilled you  
with song,  
And sometimes I've wished I could cry.  
Your walls they have witnessed a weariful fight,  
And rung to a won Waterloo:  
But oh, in my triumph I'm dreary to-night—  
Good-bye, little cabin, to you!

Your roof is bewhiskered, your floor is aslant,  
Your walls seem to sag and to swing;  
I'm trying to find just your faults, but I can't—  
You poor, tired, heart-broken old thing!  
I've seen when you've been the best friend that I  
had,  
Your light like a gem on the snow;  
You're sort of a part of me—Gee! but I'm sad;  
I hate, little cabin, to go.

"Good-bye, little cabin, to you."

—*Good-Bye, Little Cabin.*









Below your cracked window red raspberries  
climb;

A hornets' nest hangs from a beam;  
Your rafters are scribbled with adage and  
rhyme,

And dimmed with tobacco and dream.  
"Each day has its laugh," and "Don't worry,  
just work."

Such mottoes reproachfully shine.  
Old calendars dangle—what memories lurk  
About you, dear cabin of mine!

I hear the world-call and the clang of the fight;  
I hear the hoarse cry of my kind;  
Yet well do I know, as I quit you to-night,  
It's Youth that I'm leaving behind.  
And often I'll think of you, empty and black,  
Moose antlers nailed over your door:  
Oh, if I should perish my ghost will come back  
To dwell in you, cabin, once more!

How cold, still and lonely, how weary you seem!  
A last wistful look and I'll go.  
Oh, will you remember the lad with his dream!  
The lad that you comforted so.

The shadows enfold you, it's drawing to night;  
The evening star needles the sky:  
And hah! but it's stinging and stabbing my  
sight—  
God bless you, old cabin, good-bye!

## Heart o' The North

AND when I come to the dim trail-end,  
I who have been Life's rover,  
This is all I would ask, my friend,  
Over and over and over:

A little space on a stony hill,  
With never another near me,  
Sky o' the North that's vast and still,  
With a single star to cheer me;

Star that gleams on a moss-grey stone  
Graven by those who love me—  
There would I lie alone, alone,  
With a single pine above me;

Pine that the north wind whinnies through—  
Oh, I have been Life's lover,  
But there I'd lie and listen to  
Eternity passing over.

## The Scribe's Prayer

*When from my fumbling hand the tired pen  
falls,*

*And in the twilight weary droops my head;  
While to my quiet heart a still voice calls,*

*Calls me to join my kindred of the Dead:  
Grant that I may, O Lord, ere rest be mine,  
Write to Thy praise one radiant, ringing line.*

*For all of worth that in this clay abides,*

*The leaping rapture and the ardent flame,  
The hope, the high resolve, the faith that guides;*

*All, all is Thine, and lieth in Thy name:  
Lord, have I dallied with the sacred fire!  
Lord, have I trailed Thy glory in the mire!*

*E'en as a toper from the dram-shop reeling,*

*Sees in his garret's blackness, dazzling fair,  
All that he might have been, and, heart-sick,  
kneeling,*

*Sobs in the passion of a vast despair:  
So my ideal self haunts me away—  
When the accounting comes, how shall I pay?*

*For in the dark I grope, nor understand;  
 And in my heart fight selfishness and sin:  
 Yet, Lord, I do not seek Thy helping hand;  
 Rather let me my own salvation win:  
 Let me through strife and penitential pain  
 Onward and upward to the heights attain.*

*Yea, let me live my life, its meaning seek;  
 Bear myself fitly in the ringing fight;  
 Strive to be strong that I may aid the weak;  
 Dare to be true—O God! the Light, the Light!  
 Cometh the Dark so soon? I've mocked Thy  
 word,  
 Yet do I know Thy Love: have mercy, Lord.*

FINIS.